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Dr. Danance

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VOL IV No 92

Nov. 14.

1883

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

Leading Features:

"TENANTS OF AN
OLD FARM." By
Henry C. McCook.
Illustrated.

"ONCE THERE
WAS A MAN." By
R. H. Newell (Orpheus
C. Kerr).



OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

36 ELEVENTH ST. COR. CHESTNUT 23. PARK ROW



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THE CONTINENT

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Vol. IV. No. 20.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1883.

Whole No. 92.

TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.



CHAPTER I.

TRANSFORMED AND TRANSFERRED.

AT last the old farm-house at Highwood had a tenant. For years it had stood vacant, thanks to the conservative spirit of the owner, a wealthy rural manufacturer, who refused to lease it save on condition that all its antique style and fixtures should be maintained. Thanks, also, to the luxurious notions of American housekeepers, no acceptable tenant had yet been found willing to submit to the conditions.

With that steadiness which marks the return of uninhabited places to a state of nature, the house and its surroundings had fallen into decay. The premises were in sad contrast with the thrifty appearance of the place in the day of good Farmer Townes, who had lived in it from his infancy until death. Thus by a kind destiny Highwood was reserved for us. Very cheerfully we covenanted well and truly to preserve to the place all its primitive features. The ancestral shrines of the Lares and Penates of the old Quaker farmer and his Quaker forefathers should not be disturbed by the invading family of "world's people." On the other hand, the proprietor, heart-sore over the advancing decay of his property, willing to serve a friend, and, at the same time seat him in his own near neighborhood, undertook to introduce enough modern improvements to bring into Highwood a reign of comfort and health. Therefore, we signed the lease and became the Tenants of the Old Farm.

On the first day of October we took possession. A bright, warm morning, well worthy to open the door of that month whose varied beauties and rich vitality make it the halcyon season of our American year. "Old Dan," a colored laborer, met us at the road-side gate with pleasant smile, polite bow, and a hearty

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COCCON OF ARGIOPE RIPARIA. (1)

"Welcome to Highwood!" The broad lane through which we drove was skirted on either side by a row of trees—on this side locusts, a favorite wood with our fathers; on the other, cherries, a canny or benevolent mingling of the useful and ornamental, for which the country-side boys had inwardly blessed the memory of Friend Townes.

Hugh Bond met us at the yard-gate. "Our farmer" we called him; our man-of-all-work he was, in fact, to be. He greeted us with a quiet "Good morning," becoming equally an independent freeman and an honest employé, and proceeded with much satisfaction to show us the "improvements" that had been wrought. They were visible enough to our eyes, but why should we recite them here? Suffice it to say the old trees near the front had been spared, but trimmed high up to admit the sunlight to the chill stone walls; a new porch guarded the threshold, instead of its tumble-down predecessor; inside, the wainscoting had been repaired, walls neatly papered, and, finally, modern grates filled most of the wide chimney-places, a concession to the scarcity of wood and the abundance of coal. With warm carpets under foot, the household furniture in place, the pretty curtains at the square, small-paned windows and the general air of coziness and home that filled all the house, like the odor of Mary's ointment, it was indeed a transformation. What eye could have seen through

and beyond all the cheerlessness, disorder and dirt of the miserable farm-house that I looked at a month ago, the possibilities of so bright a home? Whose heart had the cunning to devise, whose hands the deftness to bring about this change?—whose but the dear housewife's, who beamed amidst it all with a face from which, for the hour, happiness and content had driven the anxiety that had stopped thereon too often during the last year? Yes, the magic wand that had summoned back the exiled fairies of home was the touch of the New Mistress of the Old Farm.

"A year of retirement and rest will restore his vigor and save him for the future."

That was the ultimatum of Doctor Hayes. Promptly the mistress assented. The master yielded to the inevitable only after a long, hard struggle. Do you wonder? An active life planted in a great city and come to the meridian of manhood, has many and strong roots. They run deep, they branch widely, they clasp and entwine tightly a multitude of persons, objects, causes, plans. It is no light work to tear them up on sudden notice and transplant them to a rural home. But we have paid this penalty to over-work, and now for a year shall try the virtues of "vegetating." To work in the field or sleep in the house; to sit or walk or ride or recline; to keep the mind pleasantly occupied and the body in the open air; to drift on easily with time and chance, and to—wait! Such is the life which the doctor bids me live. Well, a worse prescription perhaps might have been prepared. I shall take my medicine honestly, for, in sooth, one cannot—as with other doctors' nostrums that I wot of—throw this remedy out of the window.

CHAPTER II.

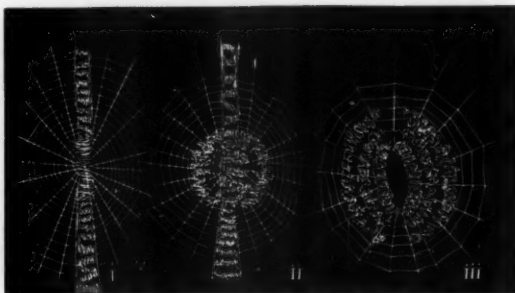
RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"We are not the only tenants of this Old Farm!"

"Indeed!" said the mistress, resting the feather-brush a moment, for she was dusting the bric-a-brac upon our little parlor mantelpiece—"indeed?"

The first utterance was exclamatory, the second interrogatory, and the two together, taken with the glance cast at her spouse, expressed surprise, incredulity and inquisitiveness in due proportion and succession.

I stood at the open door, fencing out with my walking-stick our watch-dog "Dolf," who was always in-



RIBBON DECORATION OF FASCIATA. (2)

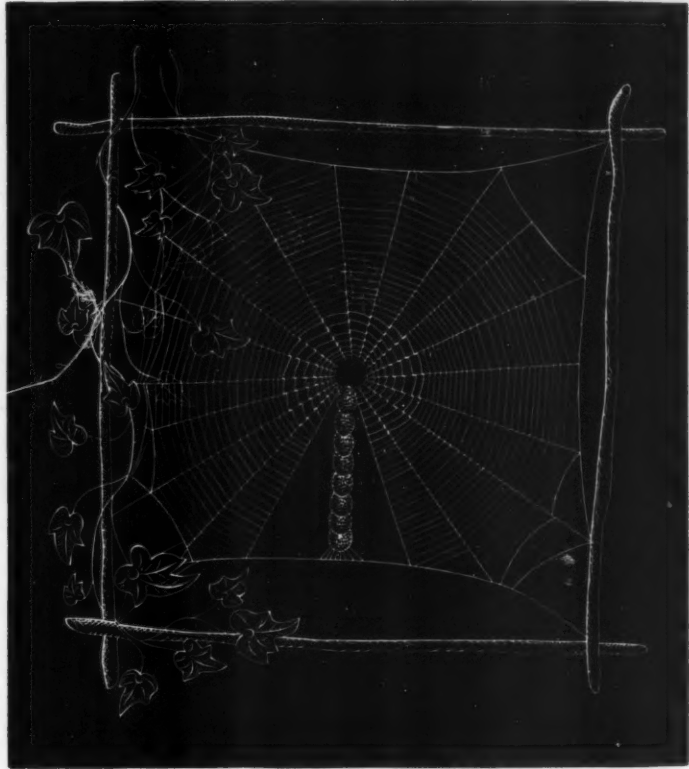
clined to run into the forbidden precincts of the parlor. We were outfitted for a long walk, Dolf and I.

"It is quite true," I said solemnly; "we are not the only tenants. There are a score—a hundred—in fact I

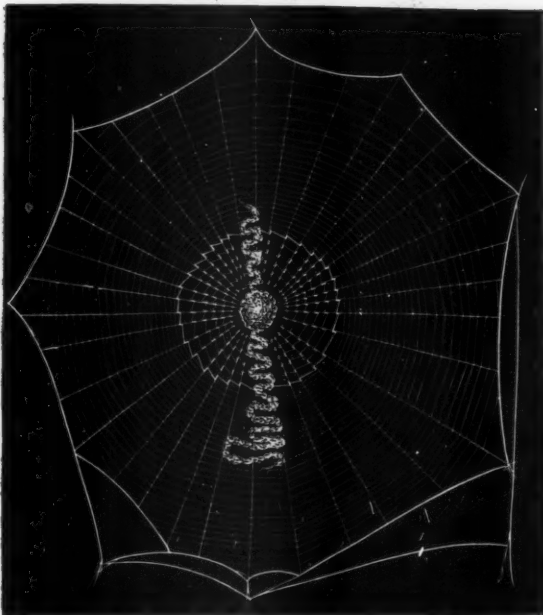
know not how many races of inhabitants here, all to the manor born, and with a pedigree antedating William Penn and his charter, his treaties and his aboriginal treators. They are the real 'original inhabitants'—the birds and beasts and flying-creeping things. I made the discovery yesterday. I am going to make the acquaintance of my fellow-tenants to-day. Good-by, my dear. Come, Dolf!"

We walked out, leaving the mistress brushing the mantelpiece, with a brightened look, for, thank God! her spouse had found at last a congenial outdoor occupation. Not a new one, however, by any means. Months afterward I learned that in the conspiracy for my health between doctor and wife there had been strong reliance upon a revival of the early tastes and pursuits of a naturalist, which had been pushed to the wall by engrossing business, to tide over a crisis, send the invalid into the health-giving fields, and hold him there content during the interval of rest.

"It was a happy moment indeed," the mistress said, "when the returning interest in your old studies, announced at our parlor door, showed me that the spirit of languor and decline had given back before a rising



SNARE AND EGG-SACS OF CAUDATA. (3)



SNARE OF ARGIOPE FASCIATA. (4)

current of vitality. It was a red-letter morning, that, in my life, and the rainbow of hope bent above the old farm-house the livelong day."

Meanwhile, quite unconscious of the little woman's secret joys, master and dog were tramping across the meadow toward the small stream that threads the farm known as Townes' Run. The feathery grasses grew high along the banks; clumps of tall reeds stood in the little basins like squads of grenadiers; tufts of golden rod and wild asters, weeds and youngling bushes overhung the narrow channel. Yesterday I had found there, as I carelessly strode on, the snare of a friend of other days, the Bank Argiope—*Argiope riparia*. I stooped to look and admire the comely spider hanging upon her white central shield.

You do not believe, perhaps, in the sudden birth of a soul into a new passion, or its sudden palingenesis—its rebirth—into an old love and life? Nevertheless, as I knelt in the grass before that web of silken threads, brought out in detail against the background of a black slouch hat held behind it, the old passion came back as with a bound, and seated itself in my heart. Many years before this, during a brief enforced idleness, in a moment like the present, when the body was drifting deviously before an aimless wind, a similar vision had awakened, as by a new birth, the first special love of a



ARGIOPE AND SNARE. (5)

naturalist. Memory now recalled vividly the whole outward details of that scene, indeed, my very thoughts and feelings. Was it merely a trick of mental association? When forests of black-jack oak succeed burned pines on a Jersey barren, and chestnut groves follow a spruce clearing in the Alleghanies, botanists suggest that it is simply a return to an earlier state, permitted by a removal of the restraining conditions. Do old mental moods, long buried under other courses of thought and emotion, spring up in full force again when overlying habits are set aside? But this is a digression into the field of philosophy. We return to our meadow and the Bank Argiope.

She is among the most beautiful of our native spiders, and is our largest species of orbweavers, with the exception of the Plumefoot *Nephila* (*Nephila plumipes*) of the far Southern states. She is quite continental in her habitat, as I have traced her westward through Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska to the Rocky Mountains, northward to Vermont, and southward as far as Texas and Florida. She has adapted herself to the widely-separated conditions of this immense territory without any perceptible variation in form or habit.

Let me describe her: her cephalothorax, united head and chest, or head-thorax, are robed in a beautiful silver-drab, so that thus far she has adopted the traditional color of the Society of Friends. But in the rest of her body she is not so orthodox, for the abdomen is beautifully marked with black, yellow and brown. Her eight legs are dark orange, ringed with brown and black. She has no fixed popular name, although I have heard her called the

large meadow spider. She belongs to the group known as orbweavers (*Orbitelariæ*), because of the wheel-shaped geometric snare which they spin. There is a peculiarity in her snare, as it is generally formed, which at once marks it. In the centre, or hub, is woven a thick white silken oval patch, from the top of which extends upward a ribbon of like material. From beneath runs downward a zigzag cord, which resembles more closely than anything I know in natural spinning-work, the "winding stair" up which the unhappy fly was "dragged into the dismal den," according to the plaintive school-book classic of the "Spider and the Fly." Argiope loves such sites as the reedy banks of Townes' run, and one will often see her web swung among the tall grasses and bushes, while the occupant hangs head downward upon her central shield.

I had unfolded a light camp-stool and was seated contentedly sketching this pretty object when a light tread was heard in the grass, and a woman's voice saluted me. Abby Bradford is a bright New England girl, of good family, good education, good manners, and good looks withal. She had held a position under the government in Glen Mills, just beyond, where the paper used in national bank notes had been made. When that most convenient medium of exchange, the fractional currency, was so unwisely abolished, Abby's occupation was gone, but an engagement to teach Highwood district school recalled her from her Massachusetts home. After the fashion of the country-side, she must find a home in one of the rural families, and very gladly wife had welcomed her to the Old Farm. Her presence would relieve the solitude of our country place, which was our advantage; and a kindly home with congenial friends was hers. We shall know her better by-and-by, but I may say here that we had

cause often to congratulate ourselves upon the good fortune that brought the school-mistress into our family.

"What!" she said, when we had exchanged greetings, "are you sketching? I did not know that you are an artist."

"I am *not* an artist," I answered; "but necessity has forced upon me a little rude skill with the pencil. Will you see my work?" I gave her the note-book, and pointed to my subject hanging among the golden rods and grasses at our feet.

"A spider? Oh, the ugly creature!"

The young lady stepped backward a pace with this characteristic exclamation. As though to resent the insult put upon her, the Bank Argiope began to shake her shield, commencing slowly and waxing faster and faster in her movements until the whole web was in violent oscillation.

"See," I said, "you have wounded the creature's vanity, or, at least, you have awakened her fears. Wait until she has quieted, then look closely, and see if either her person or work is worthy of so harsh a criticism. There, the web is still now—what say you?"

"I do declare," answered the honest maiden, "it isn't so ugly after all, and the net is really a work of art. Certainly, I should know better than to speak lightly of any of Nature's children; but then, you know, spiders do seem an exception. Everybody fears and dislikes them."

"Yes, you doubtless speak for your race. There is perhaps no creature with which man is intimately associated that has come in for a larger share of aversion

than our humble friend Arachne. Like most human prejudices, this is an undeserved and unreasonable feeling. The spider is a true philanthropist! She is, without reservation, a friend to our race, destroying noxious insects by myriads, and making in return no impost or levy upon our orchards, vineyards, cupboards or cellars. She is not the only example of unrewarded merit—of an ill name earned by a supposed ugly visage; in short, of a prophet without honor in his own country. Spiders are not all so very ugly, neither, as you have confessed. The fact is they have been deteriorated by too close contact with man. The house and cellar spiders, the occupants of our own homes, with which we oftenest meet, are precisely the ones least at-

I added, lifting the links of a gold watch-chain, coiled at her waistband. "And this?" pointing to coils of brown hair upon the back of her head. "Here is your own witness that serpentine forms, at least, are not lacking in beauty. Ladies do not decorate their persons with ugly things."

The play of mind upon Abby's face was a pleasant study as she followed these sentiments, evidently quite new and startling. The mantling cheeks and kindled brown eyes betrayed the mixed nature of her feelings—the pleased surprise of novel thought; the confusion of a mind detecting itself in error; doubt and keen inquiry, as though the latent sophistry of my remarks were suspected but not seen. I followed up my advantage.



STUDYING BANK ARGIOPE'S SNARE. (6)

tractive to our eyes. If you will take the pains to search the flowers and shrubs, forests and ferns, you shall find that there are spiders with as fair an exterior, in point of color, at least, as more favorite animals. Even birds, be it remembered, have their buzzards and vultures, and at all events, as long as ladies will insist upon shuddering at sight of the most beautiful animal in creation—the serpent—we may feel justified in disregarding their prejudice against poor Arachne. However, when you know her better, I am sure you will like her more."

"Mr. Mayfield!" cried Abby. "I must protest now! Surely you are not in earnest when you call the serpent beautiful? I might come over to your opinion as to spiders and insects, but—snakes! Ugh!"

"What is this?" I asked, touching a spiral bracelet upon her wrist. "A mimic silver serpent! And this?"

"Cast your eye along this little stream, as it skirts yonder hill-side and pursues its winding course across the meadow. Has it not taken upon itself the external and formal limitations of your 'ugly snake?' If a poet were to speak of it as 'crawling,' or of its 'serpentine way,' would he not be borrowing terms from the snake's natural action to express his idea of beautiful form and motion? The progress of a serpent over the ground or through the water is the very ideal of free, graceful movement. Then, as to its anatomy—but, come, I must not be too fierce an iconoclast, or I shall cause a reaction in your thoughts against my animal friends, and quite spoil any good effect that I may have wrought in their behalf. This is your Saturday holiday; can you join me for one hour in a morning stroll along the run? I promise you some new and I hope agreeable acquaintances."

CHAPTER III.

THE TENANTS PREPARING FOR WINTER.

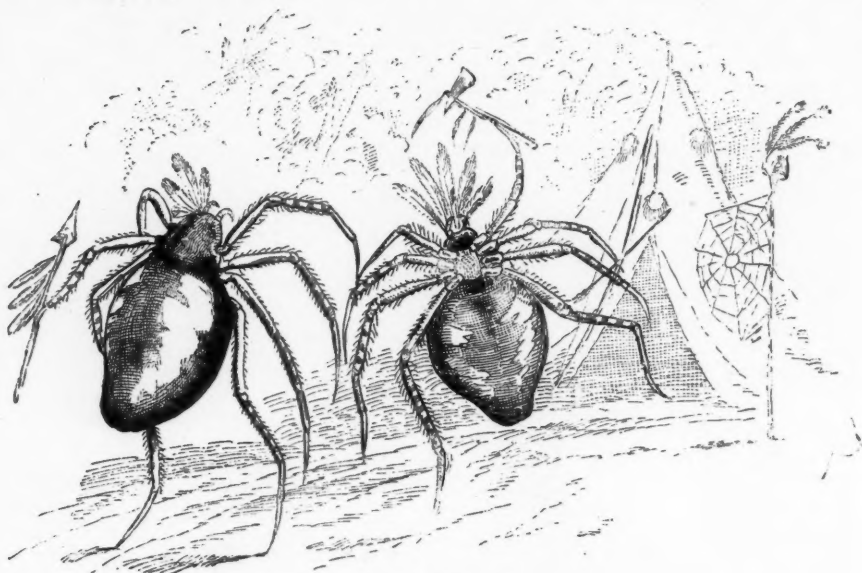
"STOP! Look into this clump of grasses and tell me what you see."

"I see nothing of special interest," said the schoolmistress. "The bearded heads of the grass have been twisted together by some passing animal, I suppose, but that is all. Ah, no! I see now. Here is a beautiful little pear-shaped nest hung among the foliage. I have

spider hangs upon or near it for a few days, and then dies."

"I have noticed," remarked Abby, plainly not quite satisfied that I had made out a good case, but willing to change the subject, "that spiders are nearly always found alone. Do they never go in pairs or groups?"

"In a few species the male and female dwell together; you will sometimes see broods of younglings massed together in little balls, or seated on their webs in little



A SCALP DANCE. (7)

seen similar ones in New England, though I am sure I cannot guess what it is unless it be the cocoon of a caterpillar."

"No, it is the egg-sac, or, as it is technically called (although somewhat loosely), the 'cocoon' of our Bank Argiope. It has evidently just been made; we shall find the mother near by. Ah, here she is! Alarmed by our approach she has hidden among these leaves. Observe how the abdomen has shrunken as compared with the specimen we first saw, who was distended with eggs, which, by-and-by, she will dispose of in a like cocoon. Excuse me a moment; I must capture this little mother before telling more of her story."

Taking a paper box from my satchel I opened it, placed the two parts on opposite sides of the spider, gently approximated them until the body was inside, lightly pressed the struggling legs until they too were pulled within, then closed the box and put it in my pocket.

"Isn't that cruel?" abruptly asked my companion, who had watched the process of "collecting a specimen" with curious eye.

"Cruel? No. I should be sorry to give needless pain to any creature; nor do I feel entitled to use my lordship over the life of the humblest insect except for a sufficient and benevolent end. As a priest in the temple of Nature I may dedicate this victim to Science. I shall see that she has a painless death. Moreover, her days are already numbered by the irrevocable decree of Nature: after the spinning of a cocoon the mother-

clusters; you will even see large colonies of adults, as on the boat-houses of Atlantic City and Cape May—each on an independent web, however. But, as a rule, *Arachne*, in her social habits, is the very opposite of the social ants, bees and wasps. She is a solitary body, and welcomes all visitors as the famous Buckeye wagoner, Tom Corwin, advised the Mexicans to welcome our invading army, 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' Nevertheless the maternal instinct is quite as strong within her as in any other animal.

"Here, now, is our *Argiope*'s cocoon. See what a pretty shelter-tent has been made by lashing these plants together. (Fig. 1.) Guy ropes of silk are attached to the cocoon at various points over the surface, and at the opposite ends fastened to the foliage. Thus the tiny basket swings secure amidst the most rigorous winter storm. Our mother-spider, indeed, might sing over her cradle the famous nursery rhyme:

"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

However, there would be little likelihood in her case of such a melancholy conclusion as the lullaby has:

"When the bough bends the cradle will fall,
And down comes cradle, baby and all!"

"You have doubtless heard of Indian wicker-work water-vessels. I have seen a large woven bowl in which meats were boiled, the water having been heated by hot stones. They were perfectly water-tight. That is an admirable example of ingenuity in weaving; but Bank *Argiope* has approached it. The outside of her cocoon



EGG-SAC OF THE BANDED ARGIOPE. (8)

is usually tough and glazed, and effectually repels moisture. I have opened many and never found the slightest evidence that rain or snow or sleet had made an entrance. It is a strong case of forecast, certainly, although I am not prepared to say that the forecast abides in the brain-cells of the mother aranead. At all events mother-love has met the difficulties as if they had been anticipated."

"Perhaps," suggested Abby reverently, "we are here on the track of an infinite Forecast? How is the interior of the egg-sac furnished?"

"Suppose we look. We may devote this example to science and dissect it. As I open it with my knife, thus, you observe that the glaze lies upon the surface of a soft, yellow, silken plush, the whole forming the outer wall. Within that there is a mass of purple silk floss—raw silk, you might say—which evidently acts as a blanketing to the egg mass within. The eggs are yellow globules, sometimes several hundred in number, deposited underneath a plate-like cushion, and swathed within a white silken sheet. Thus the young spiderlings are snugly blanketed

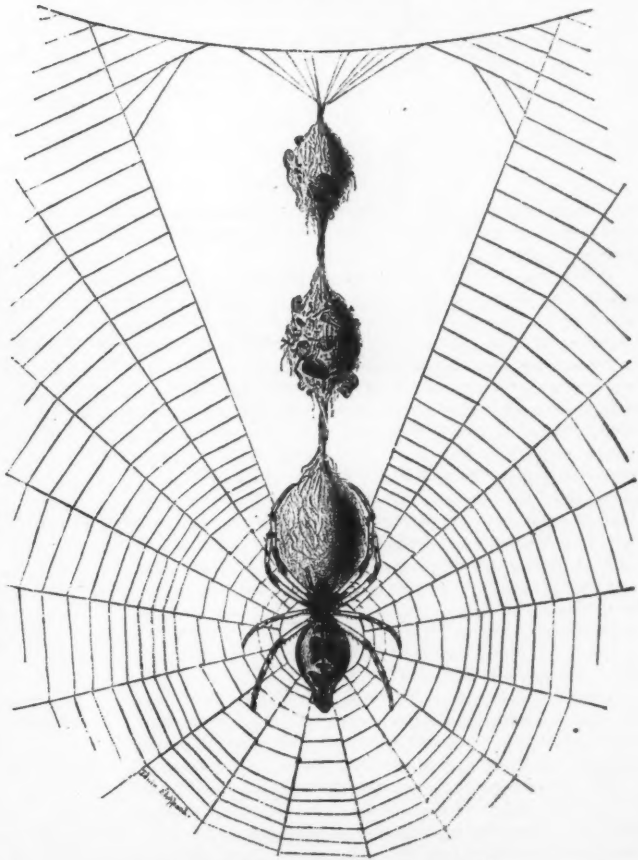
and tucked away awaiting their deliverance from the nursery at the coming of spring."

"But does the mother leave the little fellows there without any provision for them?"

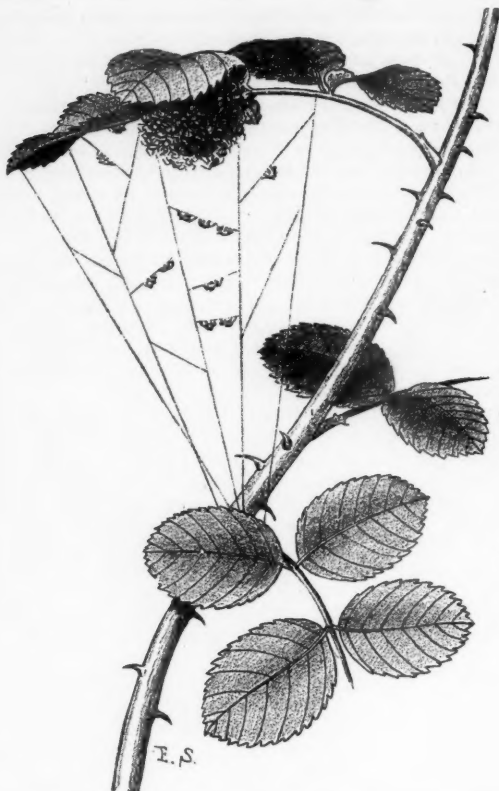
"Well, a spider, unlike true insects, does not undergo transformation from a worm, through the chrysalid to the imago. It hatches out like a bird, and has no need to have stored within its cell a supply of nutrition as with voracious grubs. It can wait until its exode, when it is able to spin its own web and provide for its own larder. Therefore, the mother shows a true forecast of the situation and wants of her offspring when she fails to store food within the cocoon. Besides, there is a suspicion—though I am not prepared to affirm it—that the little ogres eat each other up, as necessity requires, an exigency of spider infancy which is provided for or against in the great number of eggs laid and young hatched out."

"Dear me, what a situation that for the baby spiderlings! To be shut up within those inexorable walls and wait until one's turn comes to be served up for dinner to one's sister or brother! It is to be hoped that Nature has kindly made the little fellows unconscious of their destiny. However, if one half is true that I hear of this human brotherhood of ours, it is not so very unlike the spider's baby-house. The big brothers eat the little ones, and the monopolies swallow all."

"What! so young and already a cynic? But you mustn't let your moralizing blind your eyes to the facts



CAUDATA'S COCOONS, WITH SCALPAGE. (9)



A BROOD OF SPIDERLINGS ON THEIR FIRST OUTING (10)

of life all around you. Look into that bush that you are passing. I see there one of my special friends whom I want you to know. Do you find her?"

"You mean this pretty little orbweb? But it is small and delicately wrought, and half hidden among the leaves. How could you see it from where you stand, eight or ten feet distant?"

"Nothing marvelous in that. I caught the sheen of the white web in the sunlight which fell upon it just at the right angle, and a glance was enough for recognition. There is a multitude of spider webs that are revealed only thus, or on a dewy morning by the drops of moisture entangled in them. Let me show you how I recognized the species. Observe that a segment of the web is quite cut out at the top, through the centre of which a thick line is stretched. This peculiarity is caused by the little mother (*Cyrtophora caudata*) when she begins making her cocoons. She cuts out the spirals, as you see, and in the clear space hangs a straw-colored, pear-shaped cocoon, no larger than a pea. At first it is a clean silken sac, but as the mother preys upon the small insects that fall into her snare, instead of casting out the dry shells, as is common, she hangs them upon her cocoon, which is soon decorated with gauze wings, shining black heads and bodies (Fig. 10) until the original color quite disappears. By-and-by a second cocoon is added; a third and a fourth follow, and I once found a string of eight. Each cocoon is treated in the same manner, until, like a genuine savage of the genus *homo*, the tiny Amazon has decorated her home and her babies' homes with the scalps of her victims. Here

she hangs on the hub of her snare, holding on to the lower part of her precious string of beads with a little white ribbon woven into the net beneath her. It was this 'scalpage' that enabled me to know my small acquaintance so readily."

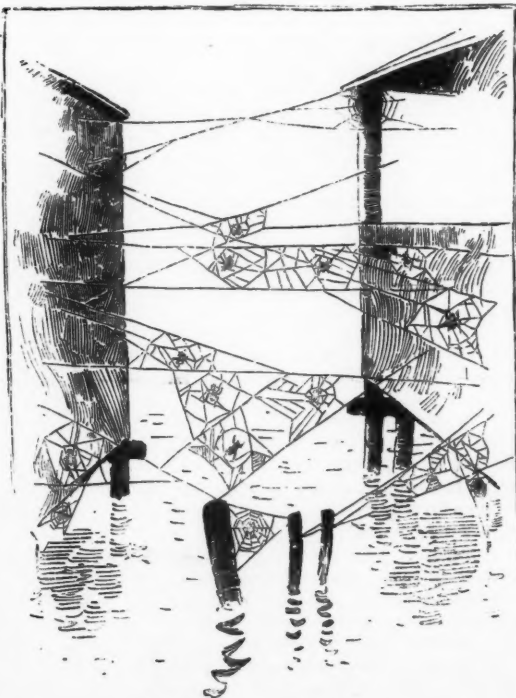
Leaving our aboriginal *Caudata* undisturbed in her wigwam to the full enjoyment of her cradles and scalps, we resumed our walk. Finding myself presently alone I turned and saw Abby intently peering into a pyramid of grasses which I had almost trodden under foot.

"Here is surely something of value," she cried. "At first I thought it was an egg-nest of Bank *Argiope*, but it is quite different when I look closely. Maybe it is the work of a young mother? Ah! I see by your smile that I have blundered."

"I was thinking of your last remark; and, after all, when I reflect, it is not so unnatural a conclusion. There is *Caudata*, who, after having made half a dozen cocoons, might be considered an 'experienced' mother. But *Argiope* never makes but one. Her maternal love and energy centre upon that single work, and then she dies. But upon the discovery itself I must congratulate you; it is a noble find—the cocoon of the Banded *Argiope* (*Argiope fasciata*)—which I have never met but once. And now, with a boast of clear-sightedness fresh upon my tongue, I have fairly run over this rare specimen! Well, it is not the first time that I have had illustration of the old adage:

"A raw recruit,
Perchance, may shoot
Great BONAFARTE!"

You have proved yourself an apt recruit in the entomological field, and have done good service. You have shown a true eye also, for this is not the egg-nest of *Riparia*, but of one of her congeners, the Banded *Argiope*. Here she lies, or hangs rather, holding on, even in death, to the frail hammock of a few lines spun



SPIDERS AT CAPE MAY.

against the dry grasses. She is a beautiful creature, covered with a glossy silver-white fur coat, with bands of black and yellow across the abdomen, from which she gets her name. How fortunate! here is another snare, spun in the weeds at the edge of the run!"

"And here is a third," echoed Abby, "with the spider hanging at the centre."

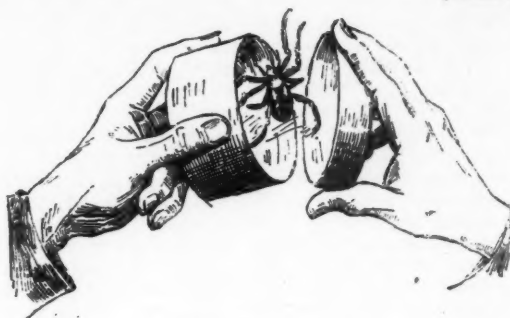
"Good! Now we can study the web, which is a very pretty object."

"It is quite like the snare of Bank Argiope, I think—mine is at least; but yours, how daintily the central part has been decorated! Why is that?"

"I cannot speak with certainty. This snare, as you remarked, resembles that of Riparia, although the cen-

tral shield is rarely so prominent, and the 'winding stair' is less frequent. The decorations of which you speak are more generally found on *Fasciata's* nest. They are semicircular, zigzag ribbons and cords of silk spun in pairs or triplets on either side of the hub. Sometimes they go quite around it. They certainly give the snare a dainty appearance, but I imagine they are not for decoration—as the scalpage of *Caudata* really seems to be—but to strengthen the snare, and perhaps to form a sort of barricade to protect the owner from assault of enemies. I must collect this cocoon before we go further; it may be long before I meet another specimen. There, dead mother and her future progeny are safely boxed, and we may walk on."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"COLLECTING A SPECIMEN."

THE LONG, LONG DAYS.

The wind has found its dream
In grasses deep and cool,
The lilies their still pool,
The willow its fair stream;
The rose its crown of flowers,
The leaves their silver showers,
In the long, long days.

The bird has found its mate,
The bee its clover bloom,
The wildwood its perfume,
The brook the river's gate;
And peace and drowsy sleep
Their charmed watches keep,
O'er the long, long days.

The sea has found its rest,
The river its white sails,
The hills their purple veils,
The heart its eager quest.
And now life standing still,
Has neither wish nor will,
In the long, long days.

Starlight and sunset meet,
Above the dreaming flowers,
Time dares not speed his hours,
The stillness is so sweet,
But bids them hush and wait,
For fear of waking Fate,
In the long, long days!

SUSAN HARTLEY.

GIFTS.

If I could give you what would outlast time—
Remain as fixed as Polar star above—
Something to live and thrive in any clime,
I'd give my love!

And should you ask for that more true than steel,
A something of yourself a kindred part,
My inmost thought I'd then to thee reveal,
And give my heart!

And oh, believe me, could I turn away
One cruel shaft, one pang of this world's strife
From your great heart, this day
I'd give my life!

Should friends desert you, fortune cease to smile;
Should joy itself appear beyond recall,
Your weary moments I would then beguile,
And give my all!

But if some lofty sacrifice you'd ask,
How glad I'd yield me to your dear control
And give—since giving is Love's sweetest task—
My very soul!

SARAH J. MILLER.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

CHAPTER IV. FRIEND, OR FOE?

THE city of Bruni ("The Bravest"), or Borneo, whence Portuguese navigators early in the sixteenth century extended the name to the whole immense island, called by its own people Pulo Kalamantan, has been described under the simile of a barbarian Cybele rising sullenly from the waters. In the last thirty-five years it must have undergone much change and modernization by neighborly community with the rapid development of European civilization in Sarawak; but at the time herein treated of the Borneon Venice, with its two or three thousand houses, and, perhaps, five times that number of inhabitants, was yet one of the rudest and fiercest cities of the lawless Malay. Spreading from a noble amphitheatre of swelling green hills to the shore of the wide, deep river of the same name, the fifteen feet rise and fall of that massive water, combined with the tides of several smaller streams confluent at that point, gave the town the usual Malayan characteristic of seeming to rise from the sea; its buildings being elevated upon piles, and its many tortuous highways and byways practicable to be traversed only in boats. The long, rambling white Palace, however, with its surroundings of barracks and offices, stood back upon one of the cleared hill-sides overlooking the great level stretch of the jagged palm-leaf roofs and boat-dotted streets of savage Bruni, and upon an adjacent elevation, yet higher, appeared a structure that, if as barbaric, was more imposing.

As the latter is the architectural object immediately interesting us, it may be more particularly mentioned as having from the town below an aspect of at least a hundred feet of one-story whitened front, with a steep-peaked roof of great interlapping *Nypa* palm-leaves; standing upon a terrace serrated with dingy six-pounder cannons, and flanked by two little summer-houses with conical tops. Upon ascending the difficult intervening acclivity, however, the seeming terrace was found to be a substantial stockade of heavy stakes and a tenacious triangular embankment of mixed soil and rattan, inclosing the whole building in a defensive square some six feet high; the summer-houses were watch-towers at the corners, connected by a parapet walk, and occupied by sentries with alarm-gongs, while the long, irregular building itself, decked with a deep veranda on which glittered two brass guns taken from some crippled merchantman, was lifted bodily to the height of the palisade on massive trunks of former trees. All over the open space within the fortifications stood or reclined groups of a Kadien Dyak body-guard and Malayan officers; the latter in muslin turbans figured with gold thread, light-blue blouses, petticoated from the waist by red sarongs, and loose trousers of striped nankeen; the former—handsomer and fairer in complexion—wearing head-dresses of pheasants' feathers set in bands of flexible bark, red jackets padded to resist spears, white and red plaided kilts, or sarongs like the Malays', and broad brass bands on the wrists, ankles and hanging from either distended ear-lobe. The inseparable betel-box hung at every waist. Two krissees were in the sarong

of each officer, while the soldiery, excepting one here and there with a ship's musket, carried tall oval shields and long lances of bamboo, and bore the "parang-ihlang," or war-sword, of their race.

Such was the home and virtual citadel of Usop, a putative uncle of the Sultan of Borneo, and one of the most daring and powerful pangerans, or princes, at Court. Like the bandhara, Muda Hassim, his superior, and the pangerans Budrudeen and Makota, his princely equals, this shrewdly-intelligent follower of the Prophet had contracted many European ways from the unusual British visitors to his country in the preceding three or four years. He could sit easily upon a chair instead of a divan, drink wine, smoke English cigars and adroitly adapt his bearing and conversational key to the level of the respectful equality expected by those who deemed themselves his superiors through civilization. Adhering yet to the chewing of betel, he also knew how to forego it on occasions of social policy. He was a middle-aged, short, active Oriental politician; abler, perhaps, in secret scheming than in warlike action, but capable of great pertinacity in both.

In a long, high room with three large windows, curtained with Turkey red, and leading to the veranda, this man and a very incongruous guest were now looking forth through a casement intently. The apartment itself was a presentment of incongruities. The partitions of colored mats with a divan along them, the matted bamboo floor and half-nude kneeling Dyak slaves around the doorway were Oriental enough; but about the place were scattered cabin chairs and tables unmistakably European, and several handsome compasses and spy-glasses were hung from the ceiling by chains like artistic decorations.

The Pangeran, in costume like that of his nakodahs, or Malay followers, outside, save that he wore a dark jacket trimmed with gold lace and opening upon a shirt of mail beneath, had a gaunt, olive-tinted face that, with its beetling black brows, near-set eyes and retreating chin, had a certain effect of cruelty, notwithstanding the smile more habitual to it than frowns. His companion, near whom he stood, occupied an English chair, tilted back from the centre of the window, and held a cup of smoking tea in his lap and a long native cigar between his thin, straight lips. For this was an Englishman, in the ordinary summer dress of his country; a black silk skull-cap on his head and cloth slippers on his feet; probably fifty years old, and stout in figure, with a long, full face, patriarchally bearded and uniformly florid, to which gold-framed spectacles, the cap and the black hair hanging from the latter to the shoulders gave a rather monkish tone.

The prospect surveyed by these two oddly-associated men, gazing over the veranda and the top of the stockade, included the whole town and harbor of Bruni under the searching sunlight of the dry monsoon. Varying brownish tints of the wilderness of roofs, seeming as though they might be melting slowly into the watery plain of their foundation, carried the eye gratefully from the intense green of the semicircling hills to the golden gleam of the broad yellow river, whereon a floating market of hundreds of tiny canoes, made picturesque

by the huge palm hats of their chattering market women, and heaps of fruit and other edibles, was centre to an ever-converging, sluggish procession of sampans, trading prahus and Chinese craft coming continually by either way of the stream. On the opposite shore, to throw out every color of this characteristic waterscape into strong relief, was what seemed a lofty wall of ivy-green, being the luxuriant pepper vine, covering the trunks and intervals of tall mango trees. Here and there on pile foundations, near the prahu anchorage, were forts of earthwork mounted with cannon. Up the river a short distance, midway of the tide, the blackened ruins of an ancient stone fortress were the picturesque monument of a past civilization; and from down the river seaward was approaching a great barge, with high prow and poop, dingily black and gilt, rowing a score of oars on either side, and carrying on the mast a large yellow flag.

To this gaudy vessel of state the attention of the spectators at the window was principally directed. As it came on the guns of the forts gave greeting, and its turning into the natural canal leading to the Sultan's wharf was accompanied by clang of gongs and a vigorous beating of the wooden Malay drum.

"Mohammed and the Bandhara Tumsee come back from Pulo Combong, with another message from the English Tuan Captain to the sublime Sultan," muttered Usop.

"So I take it, Pangeran," assented the Englishman phlegmatically, speaking also in Malayan.

"Hamet Ali will not yield."

"That's bosh! as your friends in Istamboul say," retorted the other. "Sir Thomas Cochrane is not the kind of 'Tuan' to stand that style of business. Hamet Ali—or Muda Hassim for him—signed a treaty with my country not six months ago, binding your government to quit at once and forever this barbarism of putting shipwrecked English sailors into your dungeons; and I tell you, Pangeran Usop—I, Doctor Lawrence Hedland, tell you, as a sensible man—that the sooner you give up those two men whom you have hidden, the safer you'll be from guns able to blow your whole piratical nest out of the water."

"Was it with your Queen or with the Tuan Besar that this treaty was made?" asked the Pangeran mildly.

"With the Kingdom of Great Britain!" was the testy response. "On that occasion, at any rate, Mr. Brooke—Tuan Besar, great man, as you call him—came here as the accredited British agent to Borneo, and you must keep faith with him and Captain Bethune, or you'll see something worse out here in the river, before the wet monsoon, than the *Driver* and her gunboat."

The Malay prince sank noiselessly to a chair, and rolled a tobacco leaf, handed him by a kneeling servitor, into a cigar for himself.

"The Tuan Hedland does not always wish the Faithful to make terms with the English-speaking stranger," he went on as gently as before. "Only a little time ago, when those other orang siranis—Christian men—came here with their ship from farther over the great sea, to ask a treaty, I was in the surow—audience room—of the Sultan's palace when Tuan Hedland acted as interpreter."

Doctor Hedland's florid countenance turned a yet warmer red at this, and he tossed away cigar and teacup angrily.

"Those Americans," sputtered he, "had no business here at all! But you know, Pangeran, that I translated exactly between them and Hamet Ali what each had to say to the other."

"A word from Tuan Hedland himself might have helped the orang sirani," intimated the Malay.

"I interpreted literally for both sides, and had no business beyond that, I tell you!" was the pettish rejoinder. "However," continued the speaker more deliberately, "you are at liberty to know what I never disguise from living soul, that I have no good words of my own, on any occasion, for the Yankees—Americans. They didn't know their ground, and I had other occupation than to turn schoolmaster for them. You Eastern characters can never understand the difference between not turning actually treacherous to those you can't admire, and, at the same time, not actively befriending them. Here you and Makota are forever taking it for granted that because I parted company with Rajah Brooke I would like to see him and his friends driven back to England. That's bosh again, Pangeran Usop. You and Makota have been very fair friends of mine for five years now. Your Sultan has treated me well, and when he wanted me to come to Bruni as interpreter between himself and the strange orang sirani, I came to oblige him. I don't choose to take up Tuan Brooke's quarrel against you, because I've no interest in politics, and you and your side are useful to me. I'm no politician, nor soldier; only a peaceable man of science. But then you must remember, Pangeran, I'm an Englishman, too; and I tell you, as a friend, that you must give up those two English seamen, or the war-ships will be here again. England stands no nonsense about her treaties."

However much or little of this harangue, dogmatically delivered, the Pangeran could understand, he maintained his unruffled demeanor, and kept to the point chiefly interesting himself.

"They say at Batavia," resumed he, "that there was a treaty twenty years ago binding your country to keep away from the Archipelago."

"Pouf! that's the Dutch opinion of the treaty of 1824, is it?" was the contemptuous answer. "You Malays are not over-fond of the Dutchmen, I think?"

"They are dogs, and sons of dogs!" snarled the Mahometan, a peculiarly bitter national hatred momentarily overcoming his usually polite dispassionateness.

"Then don't quote them to me, Usop!" said Doctor Hedland. "Be advised by me again, and do not depend—you and your party—upon any secret help that old fool, the Sultan of Sambas, can give you, whether the government at Batavia puts him up to it or not."

A fresh outburst of gongs, tom-toms and cymbals in the direction of the palace drew the attention of both men again to that point, and they stared in silence at a procession filing up from the barge between double ranks of the royal body-guard in their huge white turbans and coats of steel—the bearer of the horse-tail ensign, then the Bandhara Tumsee, carrying on his head the brass tray containing the Letter of State, rolled in silk and covered by an embroidered cloth; next, the prime minister, Muda Hassim, and his brother, Mohammed, in flowing ceremonial robes; and, lastly, a train of retainers.

Suddenly the English looker turned to his companion—both were now standing—and pointed to a moving object high in the brilliant air.

"Mark that, Pangeran!" he exclaimed, with a quick, keen scrutiny of the other's countenance. "There is a frigate-bird hovering over the barge—just to the left of it—and now he darts away from it by the stern. My Dyaks would call that a bad 'Antu'—evil spirit—for your Sultan—an omen that his answer to the Tuan Captain may bring him to grief."

If this shrewd appeal to Malayan superstition was intended for a politic admonition to the princely barbarian, it scarcely accomplished that design. With curling lip and a cold smile, the Pangeran replied:

"In his women's apartments, our Sublime Lord who Rules has a sacred gusi—a 'talking jar'—covered with gold brocade. It told him when his favorite wife died. What cares he for the 'antu' of the Dyak dogs when he has that to consult?"

"The fellow is too sharp for me," growled the doctor to himself. Then, turning from the window, and speaking aloud: "I must go and see after Oshonsee now."

"Oshonsee is Tuan Hedland's 'antu,'" said Usop, not without a suggestion of irony in the softly-spoken remark. "How soon will he talk more than his name?"

"About the time when that gusi jar of yours does," answered his blunt guest. He added, walking toward the doorway: "I must depart from your hospitable presence now for a while, most puissant Pangeran, for that worshipful reclaimed pirate, Pa Jenna, has his prahu ready to start with us for Sarāwak to-night, and I should be preparing."

The Malay struck a gong, and immediately the room swarmed with crawling slaves.

"Attend Tuan Hedland whither he would go," he commanded, with a lordly wave of the hand. "I give your lives into his hands. I and my poor house and all within it are his!"

CHAPTER V.

THE THREADS UNITE.

GOING down the China Sea along the western side of Borneo; from the mouth of the Bruni southwesterly; a distance of something less than three hundred miles, past a picturesquely varied coast of alternating densest primeval jungle and weirdly engroved mountain and river, brings the voyager to the point of land known as Cape Sirrik, between which and the opposite Cape Datu the shore line curves inland almost in a semi-circle. About midway of this sheltering indentation empties the Sarāwak, where, until scarcely one year before, when the terror of Rajah Brooke's name and the guns of Commander Keppel awed them into forbearance, the truculent pirate fleets of the Sarebas and Sakarran were wont to gather for their nightly missions of plunder and murder, on sea or on land. Now, however, no more peaceful river came down from amongst the hills to the ocean in all the three thousand miles of Pulo Kalamantan's seaboard. Flying under the smoke of their burning fastnesses of Rembas, Patusen and Karangan; with the pinnaces, cutters and gigs of the *Dido* and *Phlegethon* decimating them from every tortuous water-way, and the loyal Dyaks of Brooke storming through the jungle, the fierce hordes of shereefs Jaffer and Sahib had taken cowed refuge in their gloomy Madi Mountains, and the gateway of the Tuan Besar's new dominion was open to the Christian world.

Entering there-through from the sea, on the third morning after the departure from Bruni, was Pa Jenna's prahu, with great sailing-mats spread to the fresh breeze on bamboo yards, and a low prow and high poop bearing up the muzzles of old-fashioned brass bow and stern chasers. On either side of the long, narrow deck, too, were three of the small iron four-pounder guns known, from the place of their origin, as Carronades. This was the usual armament of a trader coasting between Bruni, Sarāwak and Singapore; and such a trader the vessel probably was, though on the present occasion making a special passenger-trip by orders from the palace. A rudder at either end, with

ropes of cocoanut fibre running from it to a helm strapped to the sternpost with rattan, and a canopy of plaited rattan and Nypa leaves to keep off sun and shower, were also among the appointments of a craft of fifty tons, into the primitive native construction of which not one nail had entered. Beginning from a large canoe, shaped from a single great tree, the whole planking superstructure was lashed tightly together with ropes of rattan, or bark.

Crossing the bar of Sarāwak River, the prahu had, on its left side, a sloping beach bordered by the feathery and peculiarly elegant casuarinas of the Tropics, mounting sharply from which the great emerald mass of stately Santobong went up two thousand feet to a coronet of graceful cliffs plumed with trees; on the right, a deeper spread of shore, carrying a network of pale green mangroves to the base of a verdurous round hill farther inland, and completing—with the fairy-like accessory of little Pulo Karra, or Monkey Island, and the distant peak of towering Mount Poa—one of the noblest imaginable shadowy portals to a domain wherein the glorious light of the Cross was breaking triumphantly through the lifeless twilight of the Crescent.

Unimpeded rays from a rising sun, beating down the shining river, revealed upon the after-part of the advancing boat's deck, of canework on a seat running along the outside of a small poop cabin, the figures of Doctor Hedland and a companion shrouded from head to foot in some sort of extemporized mantle. Knife in hand, the scientist, who now wore a Panama hat, was energetically cutting into the tough rind of an oval green fruit known as the durion; its surface of briery spines, on a circumference equal to that of a large cocoanut, making the task no easy one. The rank odor as of bruised onions, arising from the track of the blade in the sutures of the carpels, was a strange libel upon the rarely delicate beauty of the satiny white interior presently shown, when the knife had laid open the five generous cells of the durion. Its liberation, however, induced movements by the muffled shape which Doctor Hedland answered with a half of the opened fruit; and another apparent effect was the coming toward the two of a man previously ordering the movements of a knot of Malay sailors near the prow.

This was a tall, very strongly built person; in fact, no other than the captain of the craft, redoubtable Pa Jenna; by birth and antecedents an Illanaon, a pirate, prisoner to Muda Hassim in the rebellion extinguished by Rajah Brooke, and then one of the pardoned by Tuan Besar's humane intercession, and a partly converted master of a peaceful trader. In the fullest prime of manhood; his unbearded face scarcely darker than that of a sunbrowned European, on his head a close cap of monkey-skin bound around with a long-ended muslin band, and the common Malayan blouse, sarong and trousers completing his attire; he looked like what he was—a barbaric compromise with civilization.

"We're breakfasting, Pa Jenna," observed the Doctor, in acknowledgment of his deferential greeting. "This fellow," with a bend of the thumb toward his companion on the seat, "is too sensitive yet to stand the morning air without some muffling. But you see he can eat his durion with a spoon, like a Christian—isn't it so, Oshonsee?"

"O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" came in a startling half-coughing, half-pumping sound from the muffled one, accompanied by a movement apparently of all his limbs under the clumsy envelope beneath which he appeared to be eating.

"I should think so!" assented Hedland, with an indescribable aspect of proudly pleased gratification; the while the Illanaon stared at both with undisguised, intent curiosity.

"We've made a royal voyage of it, Pa Jenna," continued the scientist, turning to his own half of the creamy-pulped fruit. "Every time I get on board one of these crazy prahus, I'm freshly surprised at what they can stand and do."

"Sakarra and his Datus shone upon our sailing," said the barbarian, pointing to the heavens. "Their silver spears were over us when we left Bruni, and Bulan—the Moon—was Sakarra's shield."

"Sakarra and his Datus?" You mean Taurus and the Pleiades were above the horizon," retorted his interlocutor testily. "If you're going to become an orang-sirani—Christian—you must drop all that heathen-god nonsense, my converted friend."

"Tuan carries his own 'antu' with him everywhere," Pa Jenna insinuated, pointing this time to the cloaked shape.

The obstinate superstitious conviction of his Dyak friends, that the taciturn Oshonsee was a kind of domestic god (or "antu," as they called it) of his, always so exasperated Doctor Hedland, that some even of his European acquaintances in Sarawak and Singapore ventured occasionally to refer to it merely for the amusement of witnessing his wrathful outburst thereat. In great irritation, he now pulled away the covering from the head of this alleged familiar spirit, and a face that, but dimly discernible in its hooded obscurity, had seemed as though it might peradventure belong to some elderly scientific person heavily whiskered, was found to be the bristling countenance of a great Orang-outan.

"Speak to him, Oshonsee!" cried his indignant master in English; and, at the sound of his words, the creature thus phonetically named dropped the durion and spoon with which he had been engaged, and, with every sign of mingled rage and nervousness, started from the seat. A chain at his waist, however, held him from farther advance, though Pa Jenna involuntarily recoiled, with a hand on his kris.

"I'll certainly let him slip on some of you fools of savages yet," admonished the Englishman, resuming the Malayan patois of his previous speech, a grim smile, however, stealing over his features at the effect produced. "Back, Oshonsee! Down, boy! You must not talk that kind of tomfoolery to me, Pa Jenna, because you know better, and I'll not have it from you! Heathen you may be, but you've got the brains to understand, by this time, that I'm studying this creature in the interest of human knowledge. Your daughter has better manners. Go and send Amina here!"

Accustomed to the imperious ways of this mysteriously powerful Tuan Sirani and friend of the Sultan, the unwitting offender bowed low in acquiescence and retired toward the prow, whence presently a young girl appeared in his place.

Amina, the youngest and favorite child of the re-claimed Illanaon, was as mature in form at fourteen years of age as other than Dyak maidens are at twenty; for the females of her short-lived race are old at thirty. She had the delicate mulatto complexion of the Lauts, or Sea Dyaks, her tribe having come originally from the pirate islets of Sooloo, off the bay of Illana, in Mindanao, of the Philippines; nose, mouth and chin were of the most regular Asiatic type, and only by her brilliant black eyes and hair curiously bound up with strings of agate beads did she suggest any possibility of a former

sea-rover's daughter. Her dress, like her father's, was a crude compact with civilization; the sleeveless and usually loose jacket of her class being drawn tightly close from the neck by English buttons of gilt, and her dark "bedang," or petticoat, reaching to her ankles. Golden hoops in her ears, and a conical hat of plaited rattan in several bright colors, were the final touches of a picture of girlish grace very prettily in harmony with the general surrounding scene. She walked confidently to the side of the cabin, and boldly began stroking the uncouth, reddish head of the now quieted Oshonsee.

"That's a sensible child!" was the approving ejaculation of the choleric man of science, who forthwith cast away the durion husks and chestnut-like seeds, and proceeded to roll a tobacco-leaf into a segar. "We shall be back in our village in a few hours more, Amina; and then you'll see your mother again, and Oshonsee shall try another turn in my old suit of clothes. I was a coward not to let him wear them to Bruni; but, if I had, they'd have talked me to death, I suppose, with their rubbishing 'antu' stuff."

The girl understood no larger proportion of the Doctor's usual discourse than did the average of his native hearers; so, with only a childlike smile, she sank into a seat beside the dozing occupant of the long mantle, and silence followed.

A fine breeze, aromatic from tropical woodlands and bracing with the keen savor of the western sea, urged the prahu swiftly up the remaining forty miles of her voyage; the calm river reflecting her quaint outlines between banks as varied and lovely as nature's virgin growth, under the skies of perpetual summer, could make them. Few, indeed, were such effects of color as flowers often give to the boundaries of watercourses in South America, the West Indies, Florida, and even in Great Britain. Only at long intervals appeared blossoms of any conspicuous hue. But in every conceivable shade and form of living green; from the almost black of the pepper-vine and the pale verdure of the mangrove, to the alternating olive and transparent emerald of the mangosteen; from the marvelously serpentine rattan, running its feathery crests over the tallest trees, to the elm-like durion and the gigantic Nypa palm—the wild luxuriance of the scene was rich beyond comparison. Of fruits showing on their stems, though in no glaring tints, there were the lofty durions and the orange-like mangosteens already mentioned, and others with the less known names of lansat, rambutan, jambon and blimbing. Large, cream-colored pigeons, with a gong-like note, hovered from above the prahu to the tree-tops; now and then a wild hog ruffled the underbrush, or an adventurous monkey swung from one to another overhanging limb; and occasionally an alligator was seen in the reeds.

Canoes, sampans, and other trading prahus began passing; a trim European brig and an East India schooner hove in sight; the steam-launch of a man-of-war went by; denser jungle and more numerous Nypa palms appeared on the shores in the shadow of encroaching hills; at a bend the river widened rapidly to an expanse of fully three hundred feet; and, it being about noon, the prahu of Pa Jenna, gliding, as by magic, into a whole fleet of prahus, canoes, frigates, boats and canopied sampans—was abreast of Rajah Brooke's capital.

Nestling at the wave-washed feet of hillocks receding by the gentlest undulations, the town of Kuchin looked at first glimpse like a smaller Bruni; its clustering Malay, Chinese, and Dyak habitations, too, on their morass

piles, aiding the resemblance; but as the eye of the beholder from the river took a more comprehensive survey, these primitive elements of the view were discerned to be barely more than a picturesque local coloring. Before the near background fairly began its ascent into the rolling uplands, houses of European aspect were visible. Between the shady patches of characteristic wood and jungle yet uncleared upon the grassy knolls, or swells, lapping each other in all directions, were the veritable Swiss cottages of a lately-incoming civilization; other dwellings of the same class appeared in course of construction at various equally eligible points; and, on the crown of a conspicuous mound, partly embosomed in noble trees, with the new flag of Sarawak marking its official dignity, was the spacious court and home of the English Rajah.

Less than four years of Christianized mastery had doubled the population and infused the formerly squalid and savage "Cat Town" with a spirit of wonder-working regeneration. The frigate flying an English ensign and the other European vessels from Singapore, which appeared among the native craft on the river, were even less significant of this redemption than was the actual "shop," selling English merchandise in the town itself.

On the prahu from Bruni, now waiting for certain supplies from the shore, Doctor Hedland had studied the remoter objects of interest through a glass. Pa Jenna was at work with his crew, Amina had long since withdrawn to a lower cabin, and the simian passenger was asleep in a hammock under the poop. What attracted the Doctor's immediate observation was a little procession of the town mob as it were—Dyak, Malayan and Chinese—following, with cries and gesticulations, a knot of persons apparently bearing some injured person to one of the modern houses on a knoll rising not far back from the former rajah's wharf. He could see several figures on the veranda of the house, in European dress, evidently in alarm at the approaching cortège, and that they finally received into their own arms and hurriedly bore through the doorway the limp object of the throng's solicitude. While he was pondering what it all could mean, a small boat came flying out from the town toward his prahu, rowed swiftly by a Malay sailor who had but now gone ashore, and in another moment there came clambering over the side to him a burly old Englishman, panting for breath and perspiring through every salient curve of his linen jacket and trousers.

"Why, old Peter!" he exclaimed, in surprise, "what is all this about?"

"Ah, Doctor, it's a miracle you are here, to be sure," puffed the man, wiping his steaming forehead. "There's been an accident to a lad up at yon house, and I made so bold, when the poor ladies were fit to die of fright over it, as to say that Pa Jenna's boat was in the stream, with you on it, and that I thought you were just the kind gentleman to come with me and see the poor lad."

"That explains the fuss I saw going on over there," muttered the Doctor, not greatly delighted. "But what are you doing in that house, Peter? Who are the people?"

"It's an American family lately come, sir, from Singapore. That's their Dutch brig down the river. The Rajah's old house has been repaired for them, and His Highness gave me orders to help them all I could. I think you're coming, sir; for I'm fearing the lad's fall was a bad one."

"His Highness—h'mph!" Saying this with supreme scorn, Hedland turned and walked a pace or two—then

back. "They are Yankees, eh? Where's your own surgeon, Doctor Treacher?"

"At Singapore, sir."

"H'mph! And you came for me without any one's orders?"

"It was a great liberty, I know, sir," apologized poor Peter, dismayed at the question; "but they're real gentlefolks, and strangers in this heathen place; and I'd seen your boat coming in—don't I know her as well as if it was the old *Royalist* herself?—and the sampan putting off for shore."

"Well, my good fellow," said Doctor Hedland, after a pause, "since you come on your own responsibility, I think I'll go with you. Get the boat ready again, there, and I'll bring out my haversack."

He stepped into the cabin, as the servant hastened to obey, and, returning therefrom with a leather bag swung under an arm by a strap over the shoulder, followed down into the sampan.

Very few minutes were spent in the row into the town, and the brisk walk through a tangle of native huts and up the gradual acclivity on which stood the house of their destination. Substantial pillars of Nibong palm held the structure aloft some five or more feet, so that a flight of stairs must be mounted to the veranda. Putting a foot on the first of the steps the Doctor spoke again:

"You have not told me their name."

"Effingham, sir."

From the central doorway, above, a gentleman of dignified aspect advanced to meet them, and, after a flurried introduction by Peter, greeted the strange-looking Englishman with grateful courtesy.

"I must apologize to you at once, sir," said Mr. Effingham, leading the way into the house, "for this, I fear, unwarrantable imposition upon your kindness. My mischievous boy does not seem to be seriously hurt; but the ladies are naturally nervous at any little accident in a scene yet so strange to them, and our good Peter was off before I could be consulted."

"No apology is required: men of my nominal profession are public property everywhere," returned the unsmiling Hedland. "Let me see the lad, if you please."

A hall, penetrating half of the depth of the building, led past two doors on either side to a larger one at the end, and beyond the latter the gruff guest was conducted, without further propitiation, into a spacious family room. Modern furniture from Singapore subdued somewhat its native crudities of structure; and, upon an extemporized couch of three chairs and several shawls; with a cushion under his head and three ladies and as many Chinese servants hovering perturbedly over him; lay the child of ten American summers and fifty foreign falls. During an inspecting tour of the more perilous windings of the lower town, concerning which, for private reasons, he did not take preliminary counsel with his parents and governess, Cherubino had seen fit to dazzle a group of Dyak boys, at play on a bamboo ladder leading up to their home on piles, by illustrating to them the marvels and graces of an ascent and descent accomplished in the curious obverse quadrupedal arrangement of body known to the more flexible youth of his age and country as "bending the crab." When lifted from the ground by a quickly ensuing swarm of the older populace of the quarter, he was at first believed to be dead. His subsequent fragmentary remarks, while being borne homeward, as to the possible wholesome local effect of "punching" some hypothetical native laughter at his mishap, reassured his bearers on this point, even if they

did not understand the dark menace to their class, and their cries on approaching the house were designed to convey the blessed hope of recovery to the little fellow's exquisitely tortured kindred.

"This is the patient, Doctor.—Doctor Hedland: my Wife: my Daughter: Miss Ankeroo," announced and summarized Mr. Effingham, confining himself thenceforth to the briefest requisite amenities with a person who seemed to resent anything less terse.

"Your servant, ladies.—Now, little man, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"I fell down the ladder because some fellow jerked it," moaned the bruised small boy; in an agony lest it should enter into the common mind that the contusions had resulted from a deficiency in his own elastically muscular resources.

"Oh, you bad young thing—I don't believe you can be killed!" exclaimed Miss Ankeroo, exasperated to hear an egotistical form of explanation familiarized to her by innumerable past experiences of needless apprehension.

"Is it possible, 'Bino, that you've been climbing again?" asked his mother, reproachfully.

"And we troubling this gentleman, Dr. Hedland, about him!" added Miss Effingham, turning disdainfully to join Miss Ankeroo near a window.

Mr. Effingham, with arms folded and an annoyed expression of countenance, looked on from an adjacent chair, while the sententious and unsociable stranger made unceremonious experiments with the Cherub's maddening limbs.

"No bones broken. I'll leave the ladies a strip of plaster to put on that cut over the eye. Nothing more is required."

The speaker, not the more affable, perhaps, from feeling a certain indignity to his professional pride in the obvious needlessness of his call, had lifted the flap of his haversack to extract the insignificant remedy mentioned, when, with surprising indifference to pain, the injured boy arose suddenly to a sitting posture and gazed at him with sparkling eyes.

"Are you the doctor that Peter says has got the monkey?"

Passionate precipitation marked the scientist's seizure of his Panama hat and betaking to the door before another word could be uttered.

"Mr. Effingham, and Ladies, I have the honor to wish you a very good day.—No, Peter, not a step;" and, breathing hard in his wrath, he emerged unattended from a house whose occupants had found his whole manner an embarrassment.

"Yankees!" he snarled, with an actual stamp of the foot, as he passed through the opening of the palisade and crossed the foot-bridge of a ditch surrounding the building. Such violence of manner, even in a man of his constitutional petulance, seemed out of all rational proportion with the provocation of a mere piece of childish pertness. In his irritated abstraction he nearly ran over a handsome Dyak youth, in civilized dress, who bowed and presented a folded paper immediately in his path.

"Ah—confound it!—Situ? What's this?"

"For Tuan Hedland," explained the messenger, raising a hand in half-European salute to the scarf-tied about his elfin locks, and offering the paper with the other.

Sighing his impatience the Englishman took the proffered missive, and read therein as follows: "Do drop in and see me for a moment, dear Larry, before you go aboard again. I am here, at 'The Grove,' sick, on my

return from an inspecting trip to Labuan with Brooke. They tell me you are ashore, at the American's. Give me a call, for old friendship's sake. You need see no one else unless you choose.—DARYL." With a "h'mph!" the reader concluded his perusal, and stood, for a moment, eyeing the bearer abstractedly.

"Daryl!" he echoed, mechanically.

"Tuan Colonel," said the Dyak boy.

After slowly tearing the paper to pieces and casting the latter from him, Doctor Hedland motioned for the lad to lead the way, and the two took the direction of the knoll on which stood the Rajah's official residence.

It is not necessary to give here the details of their progress, part of which was by boat, nor to say more at present of the appearance of the building whither they went than has already been shown in the view from the river. Suffice it to relate, that, when the house had been reached, the Doctor was ushered into a private apartment, opening from a large central room alternately used as court and dining hall, and there found, upon an easy-chair near a window, the man who had sent for him. The latter needed not any military trappings to show that he was a soldier. The poise of his well-formed head, the uprightness of his broad shoulders, and a kind of formality of general movement, plainly indicated his profession. He had enough gray in his closely-cut brown hair, and lines in his sternly set face, to indicate fifty years, though his real age was known to be less. This was Colonel Daryl.

"My old friend!" he said, with positive emotion, rising to greet the new-comer with both hands. "It is kind in you to do this. Probably you expected to find me in bed: but I really am a little ailing. To be strictly honest, however, my dear Larry, that bit of pathos about sickness was an egregious ruse to make sure of your coming."

"Well, I'm here, you see, Will," returned Hedland, phenomenally mild, as he took a chair. "This is not the first time, by any means, that I've come at your call."

"I don't forget that, Larry!"

"Not that I'd remind you of it; but it ought to be something out of the common to bring me under your Tuan Besar's roof again."

"You never will be just to poor Brooke, I am afraid," said Colonel Daryl, with a grave smile. "You part from a man by your own volition, after coming half across the world with him—and me, too, you know—and then turn crusty on him forever after. I'm sure, Lawrence, he'd welcome you here as heartily as he ever welcomed you and me to the original 'Coombe Grove' in old Bath; and here am I—old friend to you both—obliged positively to fib to make you come and see me here."

"We parted at Singapore by common assent, Daryl," was the answer, with something of the old, testy manner again. "We are simply incompatible natures; that's all, I suppose. He keeps his way, and I keep mine. You and he are friends; but I have friends in this part of the world to whom he is not favorable, and I do not choose to cast them off on that account."

"Nor would he for one moment wish you to," rejoined the other, very earnestly. "I tell you, as I've told you before, Hedland, it is all a gratuitous assumption of yours that James Brooke is inimical to you on account of your relations with Makota, and that set. The quarrel, if it can be called one, is wholly on your side."

"So be it then; have it your own way, Tuan Colonel," was the response, given with wonderful humility.

Daryl saw that this conversation, not novel, in its material points, between them, had reached what he knew, from experience, to be the limit of all useful immediate prosecution.

"Well, well," he said, "you shall be converted yet. So you've been to see the Americans. They came here while I was at Labuan, and I've not even had a glimpse of them. What are they like?"

"Yankees."

"That sounds so like yourself!—What an unlimited old cynic you are, Lawrence!"

Shrugging his powerful shoulders, the Doctor gave the Colonel a peculiar look:

"If you are an admirer of Americans, I don't know that I should object to them, my boy. It was much more for your sake than my own, you'll remember, that I took my first dislike to them."

Daryl's face clouded, and he turned it toward the window.

"I'll do these particular people, over here, the justice to say, that they appear to be well bred, and are good looking," resumed Hedland, with a somewhat compunctious flutter of manner. "My only grievance from them is, that they allowed that blundering Peter to come and drag me from my boat to see a youngster who'd been breaking his head in some rough prank. I never saw such a detestable little beggar. Damme if he didn't want to know, first thing, if I wasn't the doctor that had a monkey!"

A thoroughly hearty laugh is a good, wholesome thing in either the mouth or the ear. Of all expressions of human feeling and judgment it is the least selfish and most just, because in its immediateness of full development there can be no discriminating calculation, and in its character of involuntary tribute it can make no conventional distinction of person. In simplest youth and the most erudite age it is the same—an unreserved, honest outgiving of all that honest Nature has to render when the clearest inherent springs of the mind are appealed to for the most generously quick solution of unpurchasable thought. It can never be disingenuous, or prejudiced, or unkind, for, by every principle of its genesis, it is, for the time being, the last surrender of intellectual dignity under an instinct that, like the fearless trustfulness of innocence, knows no dread of attack, because conscious of no element of harm in itself. Alas for him who never had or has lost, the faculty of this laugh! Even more to be distrusted is the woman without it. To laugh such a laugh is to be at once a thoughtless child in the delightful simplicity of every responsive sensibility of human nature, and an adult of mind in the keenest instantaneous perception of which cultivated thought and imagination are capable. To hear it, is to be without power of refusing it some echo, in momentary feeling at least, however jaded to the humors of existence the auditor may be, or dulled by its tears; and when the genuinely hearty laugh breaks from lips which have been drawn habitually stern by pain or sorrow, it bespeaks something of a remaining childlike faith in God, and in man, and in the goodness of all things, that will yet either soften those lips in life under man's ultimate justification of it, or make them sweet in death with the smile of putting off earth for Heaven.

At Doctor Hedland's unexpected outburst against the inquisitive Cherubino, Colonel Daryl's previously darkened face lightened up all at once in every curve, and he fell back in his chair, roaring with laughter. Even the victim could withstand the contagion for one hesitating moment only, and then, from an unwilling

grin, relaxed into a train of hoarsely chuckling sounds not to be repressed.

"Oshonsee here—Oshonsee there!" cried the first friendly laughter finally, with such a look of boyish merriment as he had not worn before in twenty years. "Everybody knows about him, you see! By the way, Larry, why don't you bring Oshonsee some time to see the Rajah's 'Betsy'?"

Suddenly the scientist was all himself again.

"'Betsy' is only a common specimen—haven't I told you, Will? This creature of mine is something more; as different from the ordinary Mias of the Indies as a thoroughbred horse is from a zebra. Do you think I'm a fool, Daryl? Do you suppose that a man like myself would waste the time and study I am giving this animal on a mere menagerie brute? As I told you at Singapore, before I went to Bruni, this Oshonsee is at least two degrees farther up in the scale of intellectual being than any specimen of the simia ever before known to naturalists. Let fools and children laugh, but you, Daryl, ought to be above such imbecility. Brooke, I suppose, thinks, too, that I'm going mad over monkeys."

"No; there you are imagining an injustice again, Hedland. He speaks of your hobby with respect."

"My 'hobby'!" repeated the other, springing to his feet in an astonishing excitement. "Well may it be for him if his 'hobby' has one thousandth part the good for mankind in it! I must go now, Will Daryl, to get home some time before midnight, and all I've got to say to you is, make me a visit before returning to Singapore, and see for yourself. Come and see for yourself."

"And so, for the sake of this Oshonsee," said the Colonel, also rising, "advanced a simian as he may be, you can cherish animosity against a man like the Rajah of Sarawak, and harbor with his enemies!"

The scientist turned upon him with characteristic irascibility.

"Ah, that means Makota, I suppose. Well, to him I am eternally indebted for this wonderful creature, by which, if I live, I shall make my name immortal. Am I to throw off this Malay benefactor of mine, one of the original and true rulers of the country, because Mr. Brooke finds him inimical to his own brand new antimony Rajahship?"

"We must drop that discussion once more, I see," the Colonel said, rather sadly. "At any rate, you and I should remain always friends, Lawrence."

"Oh, that, of course. I've had too much trouble about you, my dear boy, to put you in any common category. You'll come to see me?"

"I certainly shall."

They shook hands fervently, and then Doctor Hedland was plodding his way to the shore-boat and the prahu of Pa Jenna.

CHAPTER VI.

"AND SHE IS DEAD."

THEY were in Kuchin at last—the Effinghams. Between that place and Bruni the preference wavered for some time, the head of the family thinking the latter city might probably be the more advantageous for his immediate design of looking for coal-beds. At the mouth of the Kiangi, one of the rivers entering the Borneo at that point, Mr. Dickenson, an American missionary, had, some years before, found strong indications of the genial mineral; and, after all his inquiries, Mr. Effingham was nearly convinced that the coal question gave better promise than any other to which he could turn his earliest attention. Mr. Dodge did not gainsay

this, though surrendering none of his own lively faith in nutmegs; but both he and Belmore stoutly protested against Bruni as a residence for the ladies.

Then, for a few hours, the scheme of leaving the fair ones and the Cherub in comfortable Singapore found prosaic masculine favor: whereat the romantic Abretta eloquently declared that hardships and barbarism would be the delights of her life if they assured her a sight of Borneo and its English hero; and Miss Ankeroo emphatically announced that she should go there herself, as a missionary to those cunning little Dyaks, whether the family accompanied her or not. Finally, Mrs. Effingham, in her undemonstrative way, allowed it to appear that she was philosophically indifferent to any calculable discomfort of temporary sojourn in a place her daughter and cousin were so anxious to know. This turned the scale: Dodge and Belmore exalted Sarawak, the former dexterously hinting at coal indications on the neighboring Simunjon River; and Kuchin was the destination at last accepted by all.

Letters of cordial courtesy on the subject passed between Mr. Effingham and the Rajah of Sarawak before the latter went to Labuan. The American gentleman had a certain informal diplomatic standing, from being the bearer of dispatches from his own government to any of its official representatives whom he might encounter in his travels. If this was but an abstract form, politically speaking, it accredited the high respectability of the bearer, at least; and Mr. Brooke not only extended a warm welcome to Mr. Effingham, but handsomely placed at his disposal the house of his own first occupation in Kuchin. Chinese carpenters were, accordingly, sent from Singapore to repair the somewhat dismantled building, and the family took with them, on their brig *Wetlevreden*, such varied furniture as could be obtained, for its further domestic redemption.

Although Dr. Hedland has been lately seen approaching this novel American home through a portion of the town, it was because the landing-place of his sampan was at some distance below its site. It really stood upon the bank of the river, in villa fashion, facing the stream to the north, and from its eastern end commanding a part of the picturesque bend of the water where the town first comes into view. Westward, over undulations and tree-tops, loomed the distant azure peaks of the mountains of Matang; and to the south, or behind all, stretched a clearing of four or five hundred feet, beyond which and its palisade boundary was the jungle. A stout palisade and an artificial moat surrounded the estate, more to keep sheep, bullocks, poultry and other animated stock from straying, than for military defense, and within its inclosure were also the detached servants'-quarters, kitchen, bathing apartment, and other minor structures. The mansion has already been shown as supported by palm pillars, in the fashion of the country. Its one story, more than fifty feet square, bore a roof of huge Nypa leaves, and had nine windows on either side. Entering from the veranda the visitor found a large central room, with smaller ones and bed-chambers ranging around it; boarded floors and partitions, instead of the usual bamboo strips and leaves, or mats; and ceilings of wood painted white.

The man who should take to such an abode, in such a place, wife and daughter of the shrill and helpless order, would soon bewail the fatuous day when he had been tempted to bring them from the supporting new toilets, novels and servants of their normal domestic incapability. If, from the necessarily exceptional illustration heretofore given of them, the ladies Effingham have seemed to be of this flimsy class, the impression does

them unchivalrous injustice. For the mother, though exempted by her rank in life from any particular executive training, had none of the constitutional indolence of mind, or body, making the inefficient woman a mockery to her youngest servitor. Her aspect of pensive abstraction did not mean the intellectual blank to betray womanhood as something weaker than childhood when confronted by the mildest test of her sex's true distinctive sovereignty of common life; and her daughter was what the magnetism of such maternal qualities, added to the natural heredity from potentiality of domestic character in both parents, must necessarily make of a younger woman.

So it was that the inexperienced and sad-faced Mrs. Effingham presently evoked systematic order and restfulness from the opening chaos and strangeness of the new home. Under her noiseless direction and control, developing all at once, as it seemed, from some hitherto dormant instinct, things fell easily into their proper places; the alien servants brought, at great cost, from Singapore, learned, they scarcely knew how, the routine of their duties, and within a fortnight this household in a comparative wilderness was working as smoothly in its every essential function as though indigenous to the soil.

Without proportionate efficient harmony of spirit, at least in the daughter, this result would not have been possible so soon; but in Miss Ankeroo was found a lieutenant who could have told the Chinese servile brigade all that it did not realize of the method by which it was so quickly drilled into practical serviceability. The supernaturally lustrous glasses of this accomplished female dumpling's spectacles gleamed everywhere over the lagging Chinaman, like the compulsory planets of his nativity, and the language acquired from Marsden's Dictionary sounded in his ears with such a novelty of imperiousness as to make him, perforce, excel the customary alacrity of his race.

Then, too, when the same indefatigable manager and linguist turned the former outer cook-house of the domain into her long-anticipated mission-school for the benighted juvenile Dyaks, Malaysans and Chinese of Kuchin, not even the manifold aggravations and evil examples of the irredeemable Cherub could deter her from such educational progress with them, that, on the very first day, two aboriginal mites fought desperately over the question of whether the letter "A" was a house-roof, or a frame for a bamboo swing.

Mr. Effingham, loyally served by the veteran Peter, exercised the requisite masculine supervision over all, and silently wondered at the facility with which his family adapted themselves to so many changed conditions of existence. More than once in the first two or three days the impulse was strong upon him for a comprehensive shipment back to Singapore. Aside from the lack of nearly every familiar luxury of civilized life, what were the ladies to do with themselves, in such a place, when he might be absent? There were no streets, nor roads; consequently, no horses; any transportation from the house suitable for their sex must be by boat; and any manner of journey beyond the town toward the inland Dyak country would encounter embarrassing unconventionality of native habits. He was really dismayed within himself by contemplation of the unnatural seclusion to which the household must, seemingly, be subjected during a residence of months, and watched wife and daughter closely for any sign of misgiving to justify him in a removal back to the Straits.

But they showed no such sign. So far as he could see, they felt no fears on their own account; indeed,

found agreeable occupation and no little refreshing enjoyment in mastering the endless novelties of the situation; while Miss Ankeroot and the small-boy simply reveled in the missionary and acrobatic opportunities. Nevertheless, Mr. Effingham was greatly anxious for the earliest possible support of what social relations Kuchin might be able to afford, and had particular gratification in bidding his wife prepare for their first neighborly visit.

"My dear," he said, "the Rajah, who is so hospitably kind as to wish to be simply Mr. Brooke to us, is likely to make an unceremonious call here this evening; bringing, perhaps, a friend to whom he introduced me this morning at his house. As you know, from our past talks, he has treated me with the most generous politeness, since finding us arrived, upon his return from Labuan; and his assignment of this building for our use, when he knew me only by name, was a very handsome attention."

"It was, indeed," assented Mrs. Effingham. "But, Richard, what do you mean by 'unceremonious call'? Is not some etiquette to be specially observed in receiving one of his rank on any occasion?"

"Only the customary form of welcoming any private gentleman coming in as a neighbor. This he impressed upon me in the frankest manner. He is Rajah only to those with whom he is obliged to meet officially. I never saw a more unaffected English gentleman. With his fellow countrymen of his staff, and especially with the two or three naval officers over at 'The Grove,' just now, he is as simply unpretentious as the quietest of them."

Miss Effingham, who had been listening with interest, here put in a question:

"Is it one of the officers, Papa, he is to bring with him?"

"No; I was coming to that. Oddly enough, my dear, the friend is no other than the uncle of young Belmore:—the same, Abretta, that he told you of as hunting with him after the family fortune in Chancery, in the strange story you repeated to me. And, yet more oddly, my dear," turning again to his wife, "he is a Colonel William Daryl; the very name—without 'Colonel'—of the poor fellow drowned in New York so many years ago."

"Why! who was that, mamma?" exclaimed Abretta quickly.

"No one known to you, my child," returned that lady, with a sharpness of manner surprising even her husband. "At what hour may these gentlemen be expected, Richard?"

"Soon after sunset, I suppose. That is the dinner-hour at The Grove," said Mr. Effingham.

An early-rising full moon was above the surrounding hills, and a delightfully cool evening breeze daintily feathering the glassy river, when the white gig *Lily*, of the historic vessel *Royalist*, was rowed to the former official wharf opposite to the bank on which stood the mansion. Escorted by only four oarsmen, in the modified Malay dress of his little body-guard, the Rajah of Sarawak came thus unostentatiously, with his friend, on his appointed social call. Strict deference had been paid to his expressed wish for no ceremonial reception implying his official character. At the landing, his own man, Peter, and two private servants of the family, an old Swiss and a negro, previously left on board the *Welleveden*, awaited him and his companion with lanterns. On the veranda the host advanced to greet the gentleman, as he had before to Doctor Hedland; but, except for the prostrations of the Chinese servants

about the doorway, which could not be restrained, the welcome was as simple as to the familiar visitors of any country-house in America or England.

The light of numerous candles in sconces, protected from the attraction of insects by gauze nettings at the open windows, gave the large room of the house, with its modern furniture and graceful female figures, an illusion of Home dramatically in contrast with every feature and sentiment of the scene without. Mrs. Effingham walking forward so tranquilly to meet her husband and his guests, and Abretta and Cousin Sadie arising as tranquilly from their chairs behind her; all three of the ladies in the evening dresses suitable to their years and an informal social occasion; were the consummate human life of a picture that seemed as though it must be a picture, only, in savage Borneo.

It is scarcely in keeping with either the requisites or the proprieties of art to attempt any minute portrayal of the illustrious man who, standing beside his friend, looked with undisguised pleasure upon this gratefully incongruous spectacle. Those whom History has made distinctive potential presences to the world, can be most faithfully accorded with their historical ideals, in a work like this, by no more detail of mere physical personality than is essential to some immediate individualization of the intellectual effect intended to be produced. History alone can safely venture to retouch History in this, as in many another, province of description.

James Brooke, now in his forty-second year, appeared fully the man represented by the Story of his Deeds, if scanned by the judgment capable of discerning in eyes and brow—and, perhaps, chin—all that is necessary to account for the mighty acts recorded of their possessor. A form erect, finely poised, and muscular without robustness; so made and kept, despite the constitutional impairment of the lung-wound received in India, by habitual practice of every manly exercise; was not needed to assure the observer of his alternately mobile and decisive face, that he could fight, as well as argue, for a principle. From the thinning light hair at his sensitive temples to the vigorous turn of his neck; from his shoulders, set back like a guardsman's, to the tips of his slender and nervous hands, he gave the impression of a man of action abruptly grafted upon a man of study; the capacities to do instantly and to think profoundly having equal suggestion in his average aspect.

"Ladies," said he, with unconventional heartiness, upon being presented to them, "I do assure you that your coming to Kuchin is a positive benefaction to me. As I have already said to Mr. Effingham, your courage in becoming even but temporary inhabitants of a place we have been able to civilize so imperfectly yet, gives us a moral help for which any poor courtesy of welcome that I can offer is like pence against pounds. That's my little speech," he explained, with a smile, "and now allow me to introduce to you, ladies, my friend, Colonel Daryl."

The Colonel, who, during this prelude, had been staring at Mrs. Effingham's profile with eyes dilating more and more, started and fairly caught his breath at the sound of his name; the two other gentlemen noticing it with no little surprise, and also the obviously great effort it cost him to compose his features again and bow constrainedly at each introduction. Then, fixing a strange look upon Mrs. Effingham again, who met it haughtily, he said slowly:

"I—think, that I have had—the honor of meeting you, Madame,—before."

There was an embarrassed pause, until the lady, with increased hauteur, answered, in a tone as though rebuking, without contesting, a presumptuous remark:

"It may be. I have no recollection of it, sir."

Under his friend's questioning glance, the older gentleman's aspect now of displeasure, and the wondering regards of the younger ladies, Colonel Daryl turned first red and then white to the set lips, but with the same intent look at the proud face encountering it.

"Madame," he said at last, with a low bow, "I can only ask you to pardon me. I see that I have made an unfortunate mistake;" and stepped mechanically backward from the little circle.

"I must venture a slight explanation for the Colonel," remarked Mr. Brooke, as the chairs were being placed. "He once suffered a heavy sorrow in your country, Mrs. Effingham.—You and he will excuse me for referring to it in these circumstances, since I shall say no more than that it was of a character to make extremely painful even a mistaken identity recalling it to mind."

"Colonel Daryl is quite excusable, Mr. Brooke," observed Mr. Effingham, over whose offended manner a softening change had come. Indeed he began to recognize, though somewhat vaguely yet, some possible close relationship between his now silent guest and a William Daryl he had heard of before.

"Colonel Daryl," said Mrs. Effingham, turning to him with a graceful inclination of her head, "has been already commended to our high respect by the many obligations we owe to the very polite attentions, in Batavia and Singapore, of his nephew, Mr. Belmore."

The Colonel bowed.

"And now, Mr. Brooke," she added, with the least perceptible hurry in her speech, "though you so generously disclaim thanks, I must really tell you how grateful we, women, are, for the help of Peter. Our own two servants from home were so helpless at first, from knowing nothing of the language or ways of the country, that Mr. Effingham decided to keep them on the brig until our Chinese household was in some kind of order. And without my cousin's study of Malayan, and your servant's instruction of our strange people, I am fearful we should have remained in anarchy a much longer time. It was Peter who brought Doctor Hedland to us."

"I have heard of that," responded the Rajah, understanding and falling readily into her design of banishing all awkward topics. "The Doctor, Madame, is an old friend of the Colonel and myself. We were all three together in the *Royalist*, coming out here. At Singapore he decided to leave us to our own fortunes and betake himself to his old pursuits, as a naturalist, in Borneo. He is an accomplished Oriental linguist, as well. May I ask how you liked him?"

The conversational ball being now fairly set rolling, all took part, at intervals, as the subjects varied; until, after about an hour of such general sociability, the merchant and his principal guest unwittingly drifted into some discussion of national polity, that allowed the others to group themselves independently for the time being. So it happened, that when some sound from the river outside diverted feminine attention momentarily in that direction, the Colonel said, composedly enough, to Mrs. Effingham:

"Madame, may I be allowed to show you the peak of the mountain near which Doctor Hedland's village lies?"

Looking her assent, that lady silently placed a hand on his proffered arm, and they went out calmly to the veranda together. There,—with the torches flickering in the boat on the water below, the placid moon over-

head, and the shadowy mountains around them—Mrs. Effingham dropped her hand; and spoke first:

"Colonel Daryl, I am Caroline's sister."

He turned, to look at her more fully in the chastened light:

"At first I took you for—herself."

"We were considered very much alike."

"Were?"

"Yes. Caroline is dead."

Taking a few steps away from her, he averted his face toward a bend of the river, and remained motionless and silent a moment, then, returning—

"And she is dead!"

"Yes. We thought you, too, were—dead."

"The unhappy do not die so easily," said Daryl, bitterly. "I was reported drowned, Mrs. Effingham; but boatmen picked me up, unconscious, from the river, after the steamboat had passed on. When I came to myself I bribed them to tell no one but my friend, Hedland, who had also thought me lost. Who else was there in that country to care?"

Mrs. Effingham sighed, and looked down.

"Since then my life has been as though I had truly died," he went on; his low, concentrated tone full of suppressed passion;—"since your sister—my wife!—rejected me, like a dog, at her mother's bidding."

"She, too, is dead, Colonel Daryl."

"Then Heaven show her the mercy she refused to me!" he ejaculated, as through his set teeth—"That she refused to Us, I'll say—to Us; wedded improbably perhaps; young, uncalculating, unsordid; yet wedded truly before God, and in our own hearts!—But you—" bending his head suddenly to her—"why is it that your name sounds strangely to me? You were married then?"

"I have been a widow. Mr. Effingham is my second husband."

Again he looked away, and was lost in unspoken thoughts until her hand once more touched his arm.

"Shall we return?"

"I beg your pardon. At your service."

"A moment, Colonel Daryl—and then. My sister loved you! Whatever you thought from what you saw and heard last—she loved you! Our mother was absolute with us, beyond what you can imagine; thinking it right and brooking no opposition. You have spoken tenderly of Caroline, Colonel Daryl—think of her ever as true; think of her as true—poor, suffering darling!—to the last."

Mrs. Effingham spoke, for the first time, in accents of tremulous excitement, and, at the last word, moved instantly back toward the room, Daryl mutely following.

Soon thereafter the two gentlemen departed, and the family watched, from above, their embarkation for home, and the gliding away of the boat with its picturesque rowers and torches.

Late into the night Daryl talked unreservedly with his old friend of the last, dreary page turned for him in a story that both had believed to be closed long ago; and, yet later, he looked moodily forth from his own chamber into a night waning gray with the rising of the western hills against its glory. Over waters so smooth that ship and prahu dotted here and there upon them were like embanked masts and fantastic islets transfixing in clouded glass; over barbarous roofs and motionless jungle; through the mighty leaves of unrustling palms; and weighing sententially, as it were, upon the enfolding solemn mountains themselves—reigned a stillness so blank that it was as the in-

tangible walls of a steep, which make a dream of no time, or country, or circumstance, to be limited by localizing sign, or sound. He looked; unseeing where he was, and what he had become, and living over again the hour of his youth, far away, when he had thought that the fairest hope of his life was killed by a recreant tongue.

"And she is dead!"

That hope, then, had really been out of its grave all these years, though in an unrevealing, unreasoning,

dumb existence; waiting, waiting—for what? For any miracle that may happen in years—in years crushing upon years—so long as Death, only, is not yet. And now, at last, when hope was, indeed, at its last agony!

He clenched his nails into his hands in the supreme, voiceless struggle of Love, Despair, Hate—and Love again. Which should master the ghost of that dead hope for its servant, to make of it a genius of good, or of evil, for the time to come?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESENT ASPECT OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

WE are accustomed to hearing our present literary period slightly rated; we are told that it is *merely* a time of criticism, and therefore not at all to be compared with some other times that have shown greater creative activity. Is it, then, so poor a thing to lose ourselves for a while in the contemplation and study of the shining and majestic lights in our literary sky—to seek from them the whole of their secret; or should we do better to devote ourselves to enlarging the galaxy by other creations of greater or less magnitude?

Consider, for a moment, some of the qualifications demanded of the literary critic of the first rank to-day.

First. He must be widely and generously informed. Creative genius may dispense with much research, perhaps may even, as some think, be hindered by study of the works of others, but for the critic, whose labors imply large exercise of judgment, an extensive and comprehensive knowledge of all that pertains to the subject in hand is the first requisite. He must know, not only contemporary writing in his own and other modern tongues, but he must know the books of the ancients—not the classics alone, but all the successive phases of thought and feeling that have appeared in letters. For literature is not a collection of fragments, it is a totality, and partial knowledge is scarcely less misleading than no knowledge. An ingenious calculator has computed that reading eight hours a day (a longer time than one can really read to advantage) and taking one book with another, a man may read, with a fair degree of receptive and critical attention, no more than two hundred and twenty average octavo volumes per year. When we consider the present enormous output of periodical and volume literature in the three chief modern languages, and then think of all the pens that have been busy from Homer down, we can form some idea of the time necessary for simply an apprenticeship in the comparative knowledge essential to give weight to literary judgments. It is at least an effectual answer to the notion that appears sometimes to prevail that book-reviewing is at best an "easy-chair and slipper business," the light occupation of any who may choose thus to employ a leisure hour.

Second. The literary critic must be master of a clear and attractive literary style, the power of producing a sharply-drawn and faithfully-colored picture. For, since reviews of books are neither erratic, half-hour guesses, nor isolated theses, but views of a part of a great whole, so the picture-making power must come in to give us the proper perspective, to show us the "qual-

ity of a man's mind and the amount of his literary performance." Through lack of this skill and grace, a man of information, however great, will fail as a reviewer; with it, as in Macaulay's case, he will both charm and teach.

Third. It is incumbent upon the literary critic to bring to his subject a sound and unbiased judgment. He must be able to present the matter as it is, not as it looks through the glasses of some party or sect. This is perhaps one of the most difficult tasks pressing upon the critic, as it is certainly one in which more and more continues to be demanded of him. Already very long strides have been made since those early days, when the *Edinburg Review* was "prone to decide upon the excellence of a poet's images, or a rhetorician's style, by the opinion he entertained of Mr. Pitt and the French Revolution," or when Byron, notably unfitted for criticism, uttered his opinion, although, to quote again from Mr. Whipple, "it varied with the physical variations of his body and was often very different after a debauch from what it was after a ride."

Fourth. The literary critic must be sincere and brave with the "courage of his opinions." He must say what he feels, not what he is expected to feel. It is no easy matter to see below the surface of things; to isolate the thing itself from the circumstances that attend it; to distinguish the real from the apparent; to detect defects in that upon which the world is lavishing praise, or beauties in that which is exciting only general contempt or ridicule. For this reason one of the greatest triumphs possible to a literary critic occurs when he recognizes a genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The astonishing blunders of critics who have followed, instead of leading, popular opinion, would fill volumes. For example, Jeffrey, who flouted Wordsworth, Southey, Keats, Coleridge and Byron, yet founded some hope for the future poetical reputation of his time in the fact that it had given birth to Rogers and Campbell! Byron, who agreed with Jeffrey in so little else, was of the same mind in this, though he enlarged the list a little, and, after disposing of Wordsworth and his "verse of all but childish prattle void," and Coleridge, "to turgid ode and tumid stanza dear," admits that

"Yet still some genuine sons 'tis ours to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most;
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macnells."

But even this is hardly so bad as that earlier literary

oracle (fortunately for him his name does not appear), who declared that "if all other books were to be burned 'Pamela' and the Bible should be preserved!"

One great strength of Carlyle's criticism came from this entire freedom from any bias from outside influences. Had he been equally watchful in respect to his own inward bias, his work would have been almost faultless.

Fifth. The literary critic must have the spiritual insight which comes through a quick sympathy and an active imagination. He must be able to seize upon the vital principle of a work, to prolong the key-note of an author, as it were, to give us the magnetic clue to his inmost heart. Without this interpretative power one may indeed be able to give a good compend, to sum up merits and defects with brilliancy and tact; but this is after all only a minor office of criticism. Sympathetic translation, or criticism in its highest estate, requires that the work of genius should be approached with a profound and earnest feeling—approached as by a lover, who sees more and deeper than any other, because love has sharpened his senses to both beauties and defects. Looking at external results, he must be able to discern inward motives. He must be able to see things with the same eyes and from the same position as the person whom he judges. If dealing with a past age or a foreign land, he must be able to realize these to his imagination, and must mingle with their living realities. He must judge with the heart as well as with the understanding; not like a mere anatomist dissecting a dead body, but like a loving friend, seeking to understand his companion's feelings and powers. Carlyle's essay on Burns may be cited as one of the greatest examples of success in the exercise of this chief of critical faculties, so completely has he penetrated into the tendencies, intellectual drifts and literary movements of the time, so thoroughly has he taken into account the poet's heart, and all the influences that went to make or mar his life and song.

Having thus, as we hope, sufficiently though briefly indicated what literary criticism means in its best sense, one reflection is forced upon us—that is, how much more common than ever before is critical work which will bear the test of even the severest standards. Look at some of the work of the past year. The deaths of three great men—Longfellow, Emerson, Darwin—were the occasion of many attempts at exposition of their lives and works. Some of these efforts were weak and wild and inadequate enough, no doubt; but also there were many which, though making little sensation (some, indeed, being printed in obscure periodicals where they met the eyes of but few people), were marked by such fine and penetrating analysis, such clear and exhaustive statement, that they would have made the reputation of an Edinburgh reviewer seventy years ago. In a field where there are so many great it seems almost impossible to fix upon any one or two as *the greatest*; yet it is gratifying to national pride to feel that every list of living writers, even the briefest, must include at least one American name—that of James Russell Lowell. We do not forget the long and brilliant array of names on the other side of the water—Matthew Arnold, Shairp, Hutton, Pattison, Morley, Gosse and others. Take the single points of special excellence in each—as Arnold in his artistic finish, Shairp in his compactness and precision, etc.—and they will surpass Lowell. But take each as a whole, and for varied and exalted gifts Lowell is the peer of any. In none, for example, is the reader so carried along by the exhilarating conviction that the writer might say a great deal more if he chose and there

were time. Even the features of which many complain—the long introductions, out of proportion to the theme itself, the digressions by the way, the lack of unity of impression, the sometimes monotonous and almost cloying smoothness of his periods—are faults which spring from the very overflow of material, from the mind so stored and crowded with all the wealth of the centuries that every touch reveals something more or less related. But shall we complain of one who gives us more in an episode than another would do in a plot, or of the flower at the wayside that it is more beautiful than the one at the journey's end? So, although we find that Lowell, while professedly writing on Shakspeare or Dryden yet begins with Wordsworth, and in the essay on Lessing starts with Burns and introduces Carlyle, with running commentaries on Cowley, Churchill and Cowper, we must admit that these very interpolations often manage to say more than is to be found in whole pages of other men's labors that have these for their set theme. For example, after admitting that Wordsworth had "in some respects a deeper insight and a more adequate utterance of it than any man of his generation," Lowell adds: "His longer poems are Egyptian sand-wastes, with here and there an oasis of exquisite scenery, a grand image, Sphinx-like, half buried in drifting commonplaces, or the solitary Pompey's pillar of some towering thought. The heaping up of many sentences could add little, perhaps, of truth, and nothing of vividness to this brief appraisement."

Such apt and pithy characterizations are indeed far from rare in Lowell's pages. Thus of Shakspeare he says, that his insight into character and motives was "as if he had been one of God's spies;" of Dryden, that "he who was of a stature to snatch the torch of life that flashes from lifted hand to hand along the generations, over the heads of inferior men, chose rather to be a link-boy to the stews;" of Carlyle, that in his later moods, "he is for calling down fire from heaven whenever he cannot readily lay his hand on the match-box." And how happily he disposes of the much-vexed question of Shakspeare's classical education when he says, "If Shakspeare did not know the ancients, I think they were at least as unlucky in not knowing him." In few other writings, if any, does the dividing line between criticism and creation seem so indeterminate as in Lowell's essays. There is in them so much of original power, they add so much to the topics they discuss, that they become themselves new fountains of inspiration. They have, too, that power to enchain and carry captive, often supposed to belong only to works of the imagination; perhaps because in large part they are works of imagination, of the sympathetic imagination of a man who is himself a poet. As an example, take his essay entitled "Shakspeare Once More," one of the most inspiring pieces of prose composition in the language. In it, as in a noble poem, one may read much between the lines, for, indeed, like his own description of the great poet, though "he invents nothing, but seems rather to re-discover the world about him, he gives to things of daily encounter something of the strangeness of new creation." "Fragmentary," this essay is sometimes called, yet it does not fail to give us a main impression of its great themes, while it is also an example of the rich returns from Lowell's discursive rambles. Here we have a philological study of the English language in one of its most important and practical relations; a discourse upon Imagination in its higher office as distinguished from the image-making power; a method of interpretation applied to passages in "Macbeth," "Romeo

and Juliet," etc., which gives new zest not only to the study of these plays but to all of Shakspeare; a learned and masterly analysis of the old Greek tragedy and of its resemblances and differences of motive from modern work; a more humanly-possible Hamlet than any given us by even the best actors on the stage, and, in conclusion, so forceful and reverent an application as this: "Men go about to prove the existence of a God! Was it a bit of phosphorus, that brain whose creations are so real, that, mixing with them, we feel as if we ourselves were but fleeting magic-lantern shadows?"

The present prominence of criticism in letters is sure to increase rather than diminish. Owing to the vast multiplication of books, even the most industrious reader must ask help in selection. It would be interesting to know how much already even professed leaders of thought are indebted to reviews and extracts for their knowledge of the classics and standard works. More and more, as new subjects appear and old subjects enlarge into new departments, will specialty-critics be needful. The interpreter, keen and adequate as to Emerson, is quite likely to be at sea as to Mill or Darwin, and familiarity with Browning does not imply capacity to expound Spencer.

Modern writing tends toward brevity and compactness. This is said to be owing to the hurry of modern life; people will not take time to read a long article;

the quarterly must become a monthly, with one-third the number of pages, and writers must govern themselves accordingly. Possibly there are some gains—conciseness and directness are elements of strength; but also, if applied unflinchingly, they are great dangers. Large themes demand large treatment; they are many-sided and are not to be presented in sketches that one may read while lounging after dinner or waiting for a train. And what is to be the effect when twenty pages is the outside limit, whether one reviews the latest society novel or a philosophical work which has cost a whole lifetime of labor? We cannot afford that such restrictions be placed upon our expositors of thought. There will always be plenty of subjects appropriate to the newspaper column, without trying to compress our treatises into the same space. So doing, indeed, we shall make reviewing not even the secondary art that it is now called, but no art at all, and only a third or fourth-rate kind of artifice to invite any dabbler. But we prefer to think that a department of letters that has made such immense strides in its life of three-quarters of a century and has attracted into its service most of the ablest pens of that time, will honor its traditions, and if possible surpass its models, by giving us a criticism which in learning, picturesqueness, sincerity, calmness, breadth and insight shall approach the work of genius itself.

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

MRS. ROONEY'S TWINS.

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

I

PATSEY and Jamesey were twins—"both twins," as their mother, Mrs. Rooney, was wont to explain; "but for all o' that no more alike from the time they was born into the worl'd than black and white!"

"Why, when the two of 'em was little toddlin' things, wasn't that Patsey a-sprawlin' and rootin' around from mornin' till night like a little pig, and as continted, too, if only his mouth was filled! And there was Jamesey betimes, a-sittin' dacent and quiet, with his bib tucked under his little chin, and his face as clane and white as a bran' new chiny saucer!"

"Ah! he was a born gintleman—was Jamesey!"

And so she seemed to regard him always as a sort of superior being, and sacrificed herself and Patsey to him with strange, unreasoning devotion.

Patsey so far shared her infatuation that he never dreamed of considering himself for a moment where Jamesey's interests were concerned.

As a child, he went cold and hungry and ragged that Jamesey might be comfortably cared for.

At school he fought his battles and bore his punishments, too, when he could; even his mother, with unmotherly injustice, whenever she found the boys guilty of any childish misdemeanor, was apt to beat poor Patsey enough for the two, Jamesey escaping with a sharp word or a cuff.

As a natural consequence, Jamesey grew up a lazy, selfish, disagreeable fellow, but Patsey was a universal favorite.

The girls all liked him; and one, Katy Sullivan, had given him her whole warm Irish heart.

Katy was the handsomest and smartest girl in the world—that is, in the little world in which she and the two brothers lived and moved—and the modest Patsey never gave over wondering how it was she came to fancy a lad like him; still he none the less cherished the dream of one day making her his wife.

Like two sly Irish lovers, as they were, they had thus far kept their own counsel, and nobody was a whit the wiser for their bright hopes and plans.

But to Patsey's dismay he found out in time that this secret hope even must be dragged out and offered up to the Moloch of his brother's needs and desires.

The two were sitting, one evening, on the doorstep of their little home, when Katy Sullivan chanced to come along. She stopped a moment for a pleasant word with them, and then passed on.

Jamesey turned to his brother with a conscious smile:

"How is that for a girl, for a wife, ye know?" he asked, pointing his thumb over his shoulder.

"For a wife, is it?" echoed Patsey, with a guilty start, his heart jumping up into his mouth; "for a wife? *Whose* wife?"

"For *my* wife, of course, ye galoot," answered Jamesey; "did ye suppose I meant for *your* wife?"

"Oh, no, no!" murmured Patsey, confusedly.

"Well, then, an' what do you think of her?" persisted Jamesey, squinting at the point of the stick he was whittling, with one eye critically shut up.

Patsey lifted his right hand slowly toward heaven, and pressed the other to his heart; a look of blank despair came into his boyish face.

"What do I think of Katy Sullivan?" he made out to utter at last.

Jamesey turned round impatiently.

"What do ye mean by axin' me questions over and over after me! Can't ye give a civil answer? Now, then," straightening up, swelling out his stomach and putting both thumbs in the armholes of his vest; "now, then, what do you think of Katy Sullivan for a wife for Jamesey Rooney?"

"For the matter o' that," said poor Patsey, driven to the wall, "she's fit to be a king's wife any day."

Jamesey nodded his head with great satisfaction.

"Handsome, isn't she?" with another nod.

"Handsome as a painted picture!" assented Patsey, writhing.

"And healthy and smart, as well," Jamesey goes on. "She'll run her four looms a day and dance all night; and then, bedad, ye'll see her as fresh as a rose in the mornin'. And kind—isn't she, now?"

"Kind!" groans Patsey. "Oh, but her heart is as warm as a roasted pertaty jist out o' the oven!"

"Me lad, I think I can't do better!" says Jamesey, in conclusion, slapping him on the back.

Patsey was struck, at the same time, with a sudden idea.

"See here," said he, slowly, "Katy is a girl with a mind of her own. She may have made it up to some other lad already. I wouldn't set me heart on her, if I was you."

His brother waved his hand. "Jamesey Rooney generally gets his will," he said, grandly.

But Patsey was not so sure. The more he thought the matter over the more he felt convinced that Katy's true heart would be proof against even Jamesey's fascinations; and the idea caused his bosom to swell with joy and triumph. But at the same time the consideration that he himself was the one to stand between Jamesey and his "will" struck terror to his heart.

He lay awake half the night, and in the morning, still troubled and confused, he resolved to go to his mother, having the instinctive feeling that Jamesey's interests were always safe in her hands.

So after breakfast he followed her out into the little shed where she was washing.

"Mother," says he, beckoning mysteriously, "come into the fore room a minute; I'd have a word with ye."

"Let it be a short word, then," she said, somewhat crossly, taking her dripping hands from the tub and wiping them on her apron. "What with Jamesey's biled shirt to be ironed for the party to-night, and me day's washin' still forninst me, I've little time for talkin'."

"I know, mother, I know," said Patsey, deprecatingly, "but it is of Jamesey I would be speakin'."

"An' what's the matter with Jamesey?" she asked, in quick alarm. "What's come to the b'y?"

"Be aisy, mother dear; nothing's come to him yet; and for the matter o' that," he added, laughing, "I'm fearin' that it's what *won't* come to him at all that'll work him the trouble."

"Patsey Rooney, tell me now in plain words, what are ye manin'?"

"Well," says he, concisely enough, "our Jamesey is settin' his heart on marryin' Katy Sullivan, and I happen to know that Katy Sullivan has set her heart on marryin' somebody else. That's the long and the short of it, mother."

"Oh, we hear enough. Don't be a fool, me b'y. As if Katy Sullivan, or any other girl, would miss the takin' of our Jamesey! Give her the chance! If this is all you've got to say to me, clear out and lave me to my work."

She gave him a little impatient push toward the door, and with a sniff of disdain, started off.

Patsey detained her:

"But, mother," he persisted, everybody don't think o' our Jamesey as we do, mayhap; and it's the truth I'm tellin' ye, Katy Sullivan will say 'No' when he axes her; an' how do you think he will bear it? That's what worrits me. He's little used to bein' refused his will, an' I'm fearin' he'll take it to heart. I don't like to have trouble come to the lad no more nor you do, and I've always stood 'twixt him and harm whenever I could. Don't forget that, mother, whatever happens; and plaise God I'll do it now! though, bedad," he muttered, scratching his head with a perplexed frown, "I wish to me soul there was two of me."

"Oh, well," says his mother, "girls is a crooked, contrary lot, anyhow—though I haven't a word to say as yet agin' Katy Sullivan, and I wouldn't forgit the whole bottle o' medicine she fetched me when I was sick o' the fever. It's a warm heart she has, and sinse enough in her head, I'll warrant. An' if she has the two, she can't turn away a nice, gintlemanly b'y like our Jamesey. But," she added, firing up with sudden jealous wrath, "may the devil fly away with the *other* one as stands atween 'em, whoever he is!"

A droll look came into Patsey's face—a mixture of pain and amusement.

"Ah, now, mother dear," he said, coaxingly putting his arm around her and looking up into her face, "You wouldn't be that hard on any poor lad for fallin' in love with a girl like Katy Sullivan, would ye, now?"

His voice trembled in spite of his efforts to speak lightly.

"Well, thin, an' I would," she persisted, "an' more too, when it goes agin' my Jamesey. My curses on him, whoever he be, I say! But lave me alone, now; I must go to my work;" and she put him away a little roughly, and went out of the room.

"My own mother would curse me," he muttered. "No, it must not be!"

He looked up to the colored print of the Virgin hanging over the mantel, and made a silent vow of renunciation. Whatever happened, he would never stand between Jamesey and happiness.

II.

POOR blundering, simple-minded Patsey! It never occurred to him that his brother's welfare might not be as dear to another as to himself; and so, with the spirit of martyrdom strong within him, he went to see Katy for the express purpose of resigning all his own claims upon her and speaking a good word for Jamesey.

He could not stifle a throb of happiness as they met at the door, and he held her hand for one moment in his; but, fearing lest his courage might fail, he sat right down before her and plunged at once into the middle of the subject.

"Katy," says he, clearing his throat loudly, "I have come to spake a good word or two for me brother Jamesey. Ye see—he has taken a fancy to—to marry you; an' I was fearin' that I might be in the way like; an' bein' as he is so much more shuitable for a girl like yourself—so much more of a gintleman than me, ye know—I have come to tell ye that I am willin'—I mean," said poor Patsey, looking up suddenly, and seeing by Katy's

face that he was going wrong—"I mean," he repeated desperately, "that I can't niver, *niver* marry ye myself, since Jamesey has set his heart on ye! God's curse and me own mother's would be foriver upon me!"

"An' do ye think because you have always given up everything to Jamesey Rooney that you will find me willin' to do the same?" exclaimed Katy bitterly. "Let me tell you, then, that all the curses of hell should not frighten me into marryin' him!"

"Ah, now, that is no way to speak!" said Patsey with some show of dignity; "I'm sure ye might do worse than marry a nice lad like Jamesey."

"Nice lad, indeed!" retorted Katy with a grimace of disgust. "Hark now"—shaking her finger saucily in his face—"I wouldn't marry him—no, not if he had a mine o' diamonds in both of his flabby cheeks! An' more, too!" she continued boldly: "I should *hate* him if he wasn't the twin of the dearest boy in the world!"

She beamed on Patsey in one of her brightest, tenderest smiles.

Poor Patsey trembled and covered his face with his hands to shut it out.

"Katy, Katy!" he murmured helplessly, "your smile warms me heart like a cup o' tay, in spite o' me. How can ye love the likes o' me?"

"How can I?" mocked Katy. "Because, don't I know that it's the kindest, most ginorous heart in the world that makes a fool of ye! But, ginorous as ye are, I'll see that ye don't give *me* away in a hurry," she said laughing. "I am like the lottery ticket you had, Patsey—'not transferable,' mind now!"

Poor Patsey lost his head entirely, and, frantic with the love and pain her sweetness stirred, he fell on his knees before her.

"Katy," he sobbed, "I have made a solemn vow to the Virgin that I'll niver stand 'twixt you and Jamesey; so I cannot, must not marry you! But I will love and worship ye all me life; an' if ever I can die for ye, just let me know."

"Make your mind aisy now; I'll call on ye, niver fear," she answered with a twinkle in her eye. "But you'd better *live* for me a while longer; Jamesey may change his mind, ye know."

A little later, when Jamesey went a-wooing Katy in all the pomp of his "biled shirt" and bosom-pin, his white hands and "illegant" manners—in spite of all, he was rejected, laughed at and sent off about his business.

Jamesey felt mortified and astonished beyond degree, and almost doubted his own identity as he slowly wended his way home, so new and strange was the experience of being unappreciated.

After his anger had somewhat cooled, he began to think of Katy herself; to remember her laughing eyes and saucy, bewitching ways.

And knowing now that he could not win her, he straightway began to fancy that he was madly in love with her and to look upon himself in the interesting light of a broken-hearted lover.

In this romantic character he introduced himself on his arrival at home, where the commotion he caused must have somewhat soothed his wounded vanity.

His mother's surprise and vexation were equal to Jamesey's own, and Patsey, though he said but little, went off to bed with a burden of trouble on his heart compared to which theirs was as nothing.

"Sure, Mother Rooney," said Jamesey, a few days afterwards, as the little family sat at supper, "it's into a decline I'm goin' fast; your Jamesey'll die young."

"Oh, now, don't say that!" she remonstrated, passing him the last muffin on the plate, which he took and

ate with evident relish. "Jamesey Rooney wouldn't lay down an' die because a slip of a girl turns a cold shoulder on him!"

"But mother, ye don't know what is blighted love, I'm thinkin'," said Jamesey, heaving a prodigious sigh.

"No more I don't then," she answered, laughing. "I niver cared two straws for your father at his best, though he swore he worshiped me very shadder, and when he took to the drink and bate the life out o' me, it was tired of love I was then intirely. If all the men in the world was offered in a row to me this night, I wouldn't take the gift. No, nor me pick o' the best! They're a bad lot and a dirty lot, always a-comin' in with their muddy boots an' a-spittin' all over the clane floor!"

"But I'm a man meself," mildly suggested Jamesey.

"Sure, then, I always wished ye wasn't, for the matter o' that. If ye was a girl, now, ye wouldn't be frettin' the life out o' me with your 'blighted love,' as ye call it. The men is always a-ravin' an' a-tearin' about their love and their hearts afore they're married, but who iver heard o' their bein' troubled with anything o' the kind afterwards. All the same I'm sorry for you, Jamesey b'y," she hastened to add, seeing his under lip begin to hang down, "for you're a poor dilikit lad, and a *twin*." Jamesey was appeased.

"The strength is clane gone out o' me," he remarked, presently. "The work drags me hard an' I'm fearin' I'll soon have to lay by."

"Lay by, then; do, for a spell," urged Patsey, kindly. "It's only a little rest you're needin' after all. I'll work enough for the two of us."

He was glad to do something for the brother whose suffering he felt responsible for, and so he says again, eagerly:

"Lay by, Jamesey, lay by a while," and his mother added her entreaty.

Jamesey was only too willing, and accordingly the next morning, when the mill-bells rang, instead of rising as usual, he turned over in bed with a luxurious grunt and went to sleep again, while Patsey hurried through his simple toilet, tiptoeing round over the bare floor with painful care not to disturb him, and his mother put the largest potato and the choicest bit of bacon by the fire to keep warm against his coming down.

After his late breakfast, Jamesey lounged about home a while and then betook himself to the street, where for an hour or more he picked his teeth and pared his nails, leaning against a lamp-post and watching the passers-by. He wound up the forenoon in the corner grocery-store, where he had a friendly chat and glass of beer with a fellow-loafer.

The summer days slipped by; Mrs. Rooney sweating over her wash-tub and watching her boy with anxious eyes, her heart growing harder against Katy Sullivan every moment.

Patsey, working like a tiger, doing double work as he had promised and feeling a sort of relief in it, regarding it as some slight atonement for his guilt in possessing Katy Sullivan's love.

Meanwhile he shunned Katy as he would the plague, feeling every time he saw her, as he said to himself, "like a thief with stolen goods in both pockets."

And Katy, she looked at Patsey sharply out of the corner of her eye whenever she got a chance, and her loving heart ached to see that he was growing thin and pale.

At last she set her white teeth together with true Irish grit and vowed that this state of things should come to an end, and that speedily.

III.

ONE Sunday morning, as the two brothers were returning home from mass, they encountered Katy Sullivan. She looked fresh and blooming as a rose, and one of the boys at least felt his heart leap at sight of her. As soon as she saw them she crossed the street and came directly toward them, with the air of one who has a purpose. Without a word of greeting to either she stepped squarely in front of them, and, looking severely at Jamesey, began:

"It's glad I am to meet you, Jamesey Rooney," she said; "an' now that I have the chance, I mane to spake out me mind, and feel the better for it. Aren't you ashamed of yourself now?" she went on, flashing her black eyes scornfully upon him—"a great strappin' lum-muck like you, to lave your work and go whinin' and pulin' 'round—a-hangin' on to your mother and brother for a livin'! An' pretendin' that it's all Katy Sullivan's doin's! An' so *your heart is broke*, is it? Ah, we hear enough!"—laughing and shaking her head at him; don't never tell that to me! Your heart! Let alone a sly, lazy lout like yourself for pickin' out the girl as he thinks can support him in aise and idleness! Didn't ye say to Dan Riley: 'Katy Sullivan's the girl to support a *dilikit man like meself* without a lift of his finger the year around?' *Your heart!*" she repeated with such angry vehemence that Jamesey turned pale and pulled at his brother's arm in a hurry to get away.

"There, go along wid ye!" she burst out finally with a grimace of disgust; "I've said my say, only I'll throw in one word more of advice. There's the widder Cotter, the old-clothes woman, they do say she's dyin' o' love for ye—more fool she! And ye know she has a fine business of her own and money in the bank besides. I hate her like pizen," Katy continued laughing, "and the worst wish I have for her is that she may get *you* for her second husband, Jamesey Rooney!"

She laughed again scornfully and tripped away, turning back, however, to look at Patsey just as he was casting a sheepish glance after her. She came almost to a full stop and nodded to him roguishly. But poor Patsey's heart trembled within him, and it was a pale and troubled face that he turned from her.

The two brothers walked on a few rods in silence. Pity for Jamesey and love for Katy struggled together in Patsey's breast. He wanted to say something consoling, but before he had hit upon just the right thing Jamesey spoke.

"It's true what she said of Mrs. Cotter," he remarked doggedly. "An' a fine woman she is, and knows a gentleman when she sees one. No doubt she'd support me like a prince, and say thank ye besides. I have thought her a trifle old for me; but what matter? I'll be as old as herself if I live long enough. Patsey, I believe to me soul *I'll take her!*"

Patsey stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

"But your heart! your heart, Jamesey b'y!" he exclaimed wildly. "How can ye marry one woman and your heart a-breakin' for another!"

"Oh, shut up, will ye now!" said Jamesey peevishly.

Light began to dawn on Patsey's mind. They had reached their own door now. He burst into the room where his mother sat, hauling Jamesey after him.

"Mother, mother!" he cried excitedly, "here's the b'y as good as new, heart and all! Tell her about the widder Cotter, Jamesey."

"It's nothing, mother," says Jamesey sheepishly, "only I've about made up me mind to marry the widder Cotter and let Katy Sullivan go hang."

His mother threw up her hands in delighted surprise.

"Glory be to God now!" she cried. "What have I said many's the time to you, Patsey Rooney? Haven't I said 'that woman loves your brother like her own soul'—haven't I?"

"You have, you have indade," assented Patsey, rubbing his hands excitedly.

"An' a fine thing it'll be for ye, Jamesey, me b'y! Her first husband niver did a stroke of work from one year's end till another, an' died at last a-sittin' in his aisy-cushioned chair, with a bit o' pork and cabbage in his mouth. Ah! she supported him like a gentleman. What won't she do for a dilikit, handsome lad like yourself?"

Patsey gazed from one to the other, and an expression of great satisfaction spread slowly over his flushed, eager face, which concentrated itself at last into a radiant grin.

"An' now," says he, with a business-like air, lifting his head in unconscious exultation, "an' now there's a clear field for *the other lad*, if I understand the case rightly. How is that, Jamesey b'y? How is that, mother?"

"Who cares for the other lad?" said Jamesey, resentfully. "He may take his Katy Sullivan now, and go to the divil with her, for all o' me!"

"Who is this 'other lad,' Patsey Rooney, that you should be a-lookin' out for him?" asked his mother, sharply.

"I know, mother," answered Patsey, dropping his head in embarrassment, while he tried in vain to steady his voice; "the lad I speak on is but a poor stick, I know; and his well-bein' is not, and never has been, anything to either of us, compared to Jamesey's; but now—as he will have nothing more to say to Katy—I mean as *she* will not—bother the words!—but you know what I would be sayin'—as Jamesey is going to marry the rich widder Cotter, why, now, there seems to be a chance for me."

"You!" screamed his mother. "Oh, that I should live to see Patsey Rooney goin' ag'inst his own brother!"

And she lay back in her chair, as near to hysterics as a healthy Irish woman ever approaches.

Jamesey's heavy under-jaw fell, and he stared sullenly at his newly-discovered rival.

Patsey pulled himself together for a final effort.

"Yes; I am the lad as Katy Sullivan likes," said he, humbly. "We liked each other years ago, before iver it entered Jamesey's head to court her; and whin I found out what he was after, I took myself away to onct, though it broke me heart to do it, and hurt Katy's pride that much that I'm fearin' she'll never forgive me in the world. But I did give Jamesey a clear field, to try his luck—I swear it, before God—and Jamesey will bear me witness."

"You did, you did, Patsey; I never dreamed that you had a likin' for Katy, or she for you," said Jamesey, a dim perception of his brother's noble self-sacrifice penetrating his selfish mind at last.

Patsey turned to his mother, but she met his pleading look with an angry frown. He could not bear it.

"Mother Rooney!" he exclaimed, passionately, "God thought your heart was large enough for two or he wouldn't have given you twins! Oh, mother, mother! will there never be room for me? Do you mean to shut your poor Patsey out in the cold for always?" It's meself that'll go away intirely!"

He leaned his head on her chair and gave way to bitter tears.

The mother-heart in Bridget Rooney was touched.

She sprang up impulsively, and opening her arms, took both boys to her ample breast.

"No, no!" she cried; "you are twins—both twins. God forgive me if I have left out one of ye!"

That evening Patsey went to make his peace with Katy Sullivan, and he did not find her difficult to appease. As he was about leaving, still feeling in the seventh heaven of happiness, she thought best to lower his temperature a little.

"I'm fearin' to trust ye, Patsey Rooney," she said, pouting and laughing, "for knowin' what ye have done, how can I be sure that ye won't give me away again to the first man as happens to cast a longin' eye toward me! Who ever heard before of a lad so ginerous as to give his sweetheart to his brother? Ah, but you do need lookin' after bad!"

"True for you," says Patsey, snatching her in his arms, "and the girl to do it is Katy Sullivan!"

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was an open question as to just what had brought about the different feeling which it was plain to see had arisen among the young people, part of the congregation choosing to think that Molly Cushing had decided to bring every one together, and so had helped on Miss Dunbar's plans, while the other part asserted as stoutly that whatever new sense of friendliness and common interests had arisen was due entirely to the stranger, who, after all, could hardly be called so, since one of her family was a Waite and likely to bring up the old place to its former standing.

Whatever the cause might be, the effect was plain. No such sense of life and energy had for many years pervaded the village. The curious, intangible, but always most perceptible wall that had existed between the village people seemed lower if it did not disappear altogether, the common interest being what would happen next among the members of the What-to-do Club. From Anna Freeman's extraordinary resolution to open an end of the long unused hotel, to Sybil's intimacy with the new comers, offered field for unending conjecture and discussion, and the village store showed a more animated circle at its nightly gatherings than it had known for years. Luther Tucker himself seldom gossiped, and, as a rule, professed to hear little that went on, sitting in the corner with the Boston journal before him, and occasionally reading a bit of news to the group, if he found personalities were running too high; but not even the doctor knew any better the state of the village pulse or what events were likely to follow from the various causes he watched and understood better often than the producers themselves.

To-night he smiled shrewdly as the Widow Hinchman bustled in, leaving Abel seated in the wagon, a process which was generally reversed. A less important customer would have been left to young Balch, his nephew and probable successor; but the widow was a keen bargainer and required all the skill his experience could muster to meet the always fresh methods of the overreaching she regarded as an essential of all "trading."

"If 'taint cheatin' then it's bein' cheated, an' I'm bound to keep even with ye, Luther," was her usual remark, as she helped herself to sweet crackers or reached over to the raisin-box, generally making a very comfortable lunch before her purchases ended.

To-night she neglected her opportunities, barely noticed the nods of one and another as she passed in and hurried back to the wagon. Evidently something was

wrong, for Abel had not even turned his head when Balch called to him and Finch the shoemaker shook his head.

"She's hed her way so long," he said, "that she can't make up her mind it 'll ever be different; but it's easy enough to see that Abel's got enough mother in him to be her match some day, an' I calkilate a nigh day too, if folks tells the truth. But Sybil's too good for him, or too good to be shut along with a mother-in-law that hain't no more give-in than a mule. He 'll git his way most likely, for it's a good chance for her; but I'm free to say I'm sorry."

"You needn't worry yourself sick, Finch," Mr. Tucker said carelessly. "You've got that all fixed among you; but just mark my words, it ain't going to happen."

"That's your notion, but 'taint mine," returned Finch taking his pipe from his mouth and blowing a cloud about him.

"How 'd you come to know so much? You ain't a relation."

Mr. Tucker nodded wisely, but turned away, and Finch, after a moment's pause, returned to his pipe and the calm and meditative gaze with which he had listened to the blacksmith's argument for free trade.

Mrs. Hinchman, as they drove away, sat in silence for a time, swelling visibly with wrath, but doubtful just what course to pursue. All the way from Georgia she had talked over the advantage it would be if the Pearsons' farm, or part of it, could be added to theirs, and Abel had at first answered merely with grunts, and at last remained silent altogether. His depression, or "sulks," as she had pronounced it, of the last few days, had had no meaning for her beyond a possible regret for his first open defiance. But she had noted that he avoided any mention of the Waites, and did not appear to go to the house, and drew encouragement from this fact. She had a curious irrational dislike to Sybil, whose clear eyes seemed to see into every secret scheme and meanness, and whose indifference she called "stuck-up airs." Of late she had had one or two occasional doubts. Sybil might after all be a better match than she had thought, if, as people said, this stranger meant to take her up for good, but the Pearsons' farm was much more tangible, and Almira Pearsons a more comprehensible type of girl.

"You're young, but you ain't but a year younger than your father was when he settled down," she said, at last, determined to be as amiable as possible.

"Tain't every mother that 'd be willin' to give up her son that way, but I always did think o' your interest a long sight ahead o' mine. An' you know there ain't a gal in the township that wouldn't drop like a ripe apple the minute you said the word."

"There 's one that wouldn't," said Abel, bitterly.

"You don't know till you try," his mother returned.

"Come, Abel, chick up and go in for one."

"I don't want but one, an' she won't have me," said Abel.

"She? What she?"

The widow's voice rose almost to a scream, and she caught Abel's arm. Abel shook her off resolutely as he said:

"You know well enough. There ain't but one girl I've ever wanted to marry me, an' she won't have me."

"She 's a hussy," said Mrs. Hinchman, with a gasp, "if you mean Sybil Waite. Of all the stuck-up little fools—"

"Come, mother, you may as well be quiet," Abel said, turning upon her. "If you want me to shut up shop and go West you 'll keep on the way you 've been doing. An' if you peep once more about any gal, least of all Sybil Waite, I vow I 'll go to-morrow."

The widow was silent. There was a new tone in Abel's voice, and furiously indignant as she was at the affront put upon him, she saw the wisdom of silence. Some way should be found, however, of getting even with the whole family, and the look on her face was not a pleasant one, as she went about her evening work, straining milk and scalding pans, and finally sitting down with some mending, with a hope that a word or two more might be possible when Abel came in from the barn. Abel was wise, and delayed this operation, knowing that she went to bed the moment the town clock struck nine; and his face next morning was sufficient indication that he meant what he had said. In her own fashion she loved him, but it was a love never reaching beyond care for material well-being; and though she saw that he was unhappy, she had no power to either soothe or sympathize. Either would have seemed preposterous to the young man, who wanted only to be let alone, and who went about his work with a much sorer heart than Sybil would have imagined possible. A little of the humility of real affection was taking the place of the self-satisfied assurance of his previous mood. There was better stuff in him than had shown in his mode of offering himself, and he began to plan methods of improving himself, and perhaps in time persuading Sybil that she had been mistaken. Absence he had always heard was good. Perhaps to go West might be the best means of accomplishing his purpose. So he dreamed, and in the meantime, unknown to either of them, new forces were already at work directing both lives, and shaping events with the indifference to human planning that is part of the regular course of life.

The people expected at the hotel had arrived; two quiet and sensible families, surprised and delighted with the home-like character of everything, and interested at once in their hostess, who labored with all the anxiety of a first season to make everything so attractive that a second would seem desirable.

Helen Raymond had come, as quiet and indifferent in her manner as Dorothy was the opposite, but her stay was to be a short one. Sybil came two or three times a week, stole up the back stairs and worked for an hour or two at Dorothy's bench, but was too busy for the Club, and could not be induced to stay to tea, or be

away from home for an evening. The Club, till the hottest weather should be over, had decided to devote itself to "Old Mortality," and after the reading of a "Busy-Body" letter gave itself up to fancy work and listening, with the delightful talk which Miss Dunbar knew so well how to start, and which was making certain bits of history very much alive to them all. This and the discussion aroused by the "Busy-Body" letters made the afternoons fly, and certain very definite plans were forming in Molly Peters' mind, as she waited for the last of August and a beginning upon the eighth of an acre from the south meadow, which her father had told her she could do what she pleased with.

"It's all nonsense," he said, "but you're a good girl, Molly, and hain't never given me a mite o' trouble, so I'll give in to anything that ain't too ridiculous. An' I will say, 'tain't a bad notion for you to be studyin' up farmin' books, though some of 'em was written by a set of idiots. 'Twon't hurt ye to know more ways than one o' doin' a thing. Pity you hadn't 'a' been a boy, Molly. I believe you 'd 'a' made a first-rate farmer."

As Molly had often wished this herself, there was nothing to do but to sigh a little and then laugh, after Sybil's plan, though Sybil seldom sighed now, save when she thought of her father. Work came freely, and they were more comfortable than they had been for years. Prompted by Miss Dunbar, she had put Antoine Dunning in charge of the barn. He came night and morning to do the chores, and it was astonishing to see how the trust had developed whatever good there was in the boy, who, after he had once found what Sybil liked, did it with a devotion second only to what he felt for Miss Dunbar, the first cause of it all. The day was spent as usual, chiefly on the river, fishing, but he worked steadily and well. The widow Hinchman resented his employment furiously, declaring that she "shouldn't dare to hang out a rag o' clothes or leave a door or window open, night or day," and watched steadily for an opportunity of proving that "those Dunning boys" were still true to their reputation. None came, and Antoine's black eyes never fell now before hers or any one's. Whether the new leaf would stay turned might be questioned, but at least it had been turned; a long talk with Miss Dunbar, over which Antoine still pondered wonderingly, having been the beginning of it. What the two boys most desired was hardly likely to come to them. Miss Dunbar had discovered, in her talk with Antoine, that they burned to find some chance for work on Lake Champlain, which, small as it is, has almost the same fascination for the Vermont boys near it as the ocean for Maine or Massachusetts boys. No one was likely to employ them with their present reputation, and Miss Dunbar used this as one argument for reform, promising Antoine to use her influence in his favor if the opportunity ever came, though privately she had small expectation that it ever would.

Sybil was on her way from the lower village one afternoon and stopped to watch the train, as it came in sight, the white smoke curling above it. She had been to the pail-factory for some oak, for which Antoine would drive down when she got home, and a panel of which she had had cut and carried as she went.

She saw Hopkins go forward as the train stopped and a solitary passenger got out, who talked for a moment, saw that his trunk was deposited in the wagon and then walked on. He was tall and carried himself like a soldier, Sybil thought, though he was too far away for her to note any point beyond this. He had taken the main road to the village, and Sybil, who was on a

side one, a short cut from the upper to the lower village, watched him for a moment with a certain pleasure in the long, free step, so unlike the lumbering walk learned behind the plow, then walked on slowly, sitting down at last at the turn into the main road, hidden from it by a clump of tall alders. She was hot and flushed with exercise, and threw off her hat as she sat down on a rock deep in the spicy sweet-fern. There were many things to think about. An order had come that morning from some one near Boston for carved panels for an oak sideboard, and Miss Dunbar, in reading her the letter, had added:

"If you could study for a year, Sybil, I think there would be no question about your future, for even now you see your work has pleased a critic whose judgment means something."

"Whatever I do must be done here," Sybil said, firmly, though her eyes grew bright at the word "study." "You know I cannot leave father; if I could there is more than one reason for being glad to go."

"I know," Miss Dunbar said, quietly. "You needn't tell me, Sybil, but it is not a secret to any one. I am glad you have decided against it."

"I think people are crazy," Sybil said, indignantly. "What right have they to be talking? I never dreamed of such a thing. How could I? What would father think? Don't speak about it at all."

"I should not, except that Abel has been to me hoping that I could make you change your mind, dear child. I pitied him, for he honestly loves you and he cannot see any reason for your refusal. He never will, for he thinks you have suffered so much from poverty that you should be ready to take any relief. I promised him to speak to you, but now we need never mention it again."

Sybil sighed with relief.

"How awful it is to be spoken to so!" she said. "I only want one thing in all the world, and that is to do my work perfectly. But I am learning, even if I can't study regularly, and it's just as well to go slowly. Poor? Yes, I suppose we were as poor as we could be,

but I do think there are worse things than being poor, and I am always Sybil Waite, no matter how poor I am; father cared a great deal for that. People would laugh, of course, if they knew, but they won't know, and everybody is very good to me now. Why, three months ago, I locked up my poor little panel and would not have dared to tell any one what I was trying to do, and now here is an actual order. I don't believe it's honest to take it; I can't carve properly."

"Never mind, so long as you carve satisfactorily," Miss Dunbar said, and Sybil, after a moment's hesitation, laughed and said good-by. She was thinking of this now, as she looked down at the grain of the oak, following the lines mechanically and then looking at some delicate brake growing in a clump near by, and wondering if it would be possible to transfer any of its airy grace to the hard wood. Too absorbed to hear approaching steps, she started violently and dropped the panel as a voice said:

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me just how to get to the village? I turned in here thinking it was a short cut, and there seems to be no way out."

The stranger lifted his hat, showing curling brown hair streaked with gray and closely cropped, a broad forehead and brown eyes, interested and inquiring as they just glanced at Sybil's face and the panel she had caught up hastily.

"Just a few steps more," she said. "These alders hide the turn. See, you are almost there."

The stranger went forward, then turned again.

"It was a short cut then, really," he said. "Now can you add to your kindness and tell me where to find Miss Elizabeth Dunbar's house?"

"I wonder why Hopkins didn't tell him?" Sybil thought; but she pointed out the chimneys, just visible from where they stood, and then hurried toward home, wondering a little just who it could be; but she sat down by her father's bed, soon forgetting everything in her endeavor to make the brake grow into shape under her knife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EIGHTEEN.

ONE birthday there is in the life of each girl
That excels every other, I ween,
When the brightest of prospects before her unfurl,
And visions of joy set her all in a whirl—
'Tis the day when she reaches eighteen.

And a time for her gratitude, hearty and warm,
For all the long years that have been,
To the parents who ever have shielded from harm,
And the Father above who bestows every charm,
Is the day when she reaches eighteen.

The pleasures of childhood are bright as a dream,
And sweet are the charms of sixteen;
But to every fair maiden yet brighter will beam
The glory that comes with the morning's first gleam
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

Then the tint on her cheeks is the nectarine's hue,
With lily-white spaces between,
And through the bright eyes, be they hazel or blue,
You discover a heart, oh, so tender and true!
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

Then talk not to me of the glory of age,
With its locks of a silvery sheen;
For little but sorrow is left to the sage,
While proudly each maiden turns over the page
Of the day when she reaches eighteen.

Sweet as the rosebud unfolding to view,
Fresh beauty that waits to be seen,
Is the dawning of womanhood, noble and true,
With the glory that comes to each maiden anew,
On the day when she reaches eighteen.

THOMAS WISTAR.

MIGMA.

HAVING brought to a conclusion, so far as these pages are concerned, the experiences of "Judith" and "Belinda," our readers will be pleased to learn that "Once there was a Man."

IN commenting on a new illustrated magazine, the *Spectator* says: "The single drawback to them (the illustrations) is that they are printed on the shiny, over-glazed paper which is, we suppose, essential to their production, but which, though popular with Americans, is to us utterly detestable." It has been intimated that Americans do not understand English; so perhaps we may be pardoned for not quite catching the meaning of the above. English publishers, if we rightly understand the sentence, are justified in using over-glazed paper in order to get good illustrative effects; but they do it under protest, and detest the means. Americans, however, use the same paper, simply because they like it for its own sake, or else out of an abominable desire to maintain the lead they have obtained in the line of illustrated magazines. "Awfully bad form, either way, you know!"

DENOMINATIONAL differences are not dead, but paralysis is well advanced, and only a wicked gleam from a leaden eye, now and then, admonishes the observer that there is life still. To one who habitually runs through the religious weeklies, it is very apparent that dissension is left chiefly to remote sources, less easily moved by the broader spirit abounding nearer the great centres. "Baptist" has long been the synonym of an uncompromising shutting out of outsiders, yet there are amazing chinks in the wall that is supposed to close its communion. In fact the wall, at one point at least, is down, and that with small sound of trumpets. *The National Baptist* shows a breach, the first page of a recent issue holding the name of an earnest radical worker, who is not at all disconcerted at the surprising company in which he finds himself, knowing that whatever garb they may wear, all are friends and co-workers. The days when the Puritan drove out the Baptist, and the Baptist in turn prodded the Quaker, are over, and hands join now too closely to show any trace of old-time lines of separation.

IN farther confirmation there comes from across the ocean a letter from Thomas Hughes, relating an experience of his while engaged in organizing the Rugby settlement in Tennessee. Several denominations were represented in the colony, and the chapel was free to all, but there was no ordained minister among the settlers; so the most suitable man was chosen, an Englishman, Blacklock by name, a Methodist, and formerly a class-leader. He conducted the services, being a liberal-minded man, giving the "Church service" in the morning, and accommodating those who were otherwise inclined in the evening. "On my arrival," says Mr. Hughes, "my latitudinarian soul was rejoiced to find the denominations inextricably mingled, the settlers attending both services with perfect impartiality, as convenience might dictate, a zealous New England Methodist Sunday-school teacher leading the hymns and responses at the morning services, and English

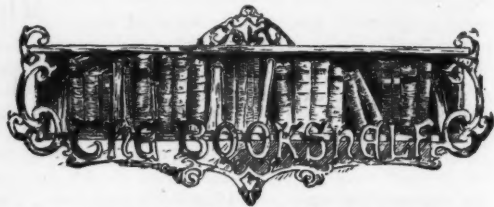
churchwomen, detained in the morning by household duties, attending the evening service with exemplary punctuality. The obvious remedy, as they saw it, was that Mr. Blacklock should be ordained, and at their request, after obtaining his consent, I wrote to the Bishop of Tennessee, suggesting this solution of the difficulty. I confess that I did so with much doubt as to the result of the application, as it was stipulated that the evening services were to go on as heretofore, and Mr. Blacklock frankly stated that, having his hands full with his farm work and the preparation of two sermons a week, he could not undertake to pass examinations requiring preparation. By return of post I received the Bishop's reply. Far from raising any difficulty, it met the proposal with perfect cordiality and frankness, intimating that it had already occurred to him. After expressing his high respect for Mr. Blacklock, he goes on (for I think it best to give his own words): 'I am quite sure that he will do better work at Rugby than any new man can accomplish. I can promise him there will be no difficulty in the way of his ordination. He need not rub up his Greek. Of course, he must undergo examinations in the Bible and Prayer-book, as there are certain canonical examinations which cannot be dispensed. He will be received as "an ordained minister or licentiate of the Methodist denomination." I am willing to go very far to satisfy the Nonconformists, and am willing to compromise anything but fundamental principles. The fratricidal dissensions of the so-called Christian world are appalling. Our dear Lord prayed that all his disciples might be one. He made unity the distinguishing mark of his kingdom and the first condition of missionary work, and I thank God that our branch of the Catholic Church interposes no obstacle to the most substantial unity. The Church system is large enough to comprehend all those who love the Lord in sincerity. . . . True it is that if all denominational distinctions were forgotten, or buried in the depths of the sea, no truth essential to the soul's salvation would be lost, nor any the smallest necessary truth destroyed. We need more and more of "the patience of Christ," and more and more of that charity which hopeth all things. Men do not understand the Church, or her teaching, or her terms of communion, and so they array themselves in hostility against her.'

THERE has been, in conservative England, much opposition to the employment of women in the post-office, but they seem to have worked their way into public favor. The *Spectator*, after saying that dispatch in doing their work and readiness to impart information are the main requirements in post-office clerks, goes on to remark that so far as these requirements go the female clerks give reasonable satisfaction. "As a rule," it says, "there is no doubt that they are civil, obliging and well-behaved. It may also be a male," (our esteemed contemporary probably means "masculine") "prejudice, but there has certainly, in our view, been a distinct gain of civility and obligingness wherever female clerks have been substituted for male. At all events, the opening to women of the post-office service has been a distinct success. It has shown that, on the whole, they are able to do work of this kind, at least as well as men. The experiment, so far as it has gone, not merely justifies its continuance, but is an *experimentum crucis* in

pointing the way to further experiments of a like kind. Those who expect all women to be always 'ministering angels' may be disappointed, and the 'manners and tone of good society' cannot be always insured for a modicum of shillings a week. But those who look to the throwing open of in-door employments for which they are qualified to women, as likely to provide honest and respectable careers for those who might otherwise trifle away their time in 'ignoble sloth,' or worse, or perhaps starve, will be satisfied if they get reasonable service. They will neither expect nor desire the ministrations of angels in petticoats, but they will act on the belief that if they treat human beings, wherever situate, with respect and courtesy, they will get respect and courtesy in return."

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THE theory of cycles, as applied to the phenomena of nature, has gained as adherents all scientific persons of any standing, and numbers among its disciples, we believe, a great many orthodox theologians. Indeed, there is good scriptural authority for the belief that in a general way "it never rains but it pours," or, in other words, that the material universe moves in circles, and events repeat themselves in groups at certain intervals, not as yet thoroughly understood by mankind, but which are probably regulated by fixed laws, the secret of which may sooner or later be unlocked by science. This is forcibly brought to mind by the events of the past five or six years. Within that period the earth appears to have been especially subject to internal disturbances. Volcanoes long silent have again given signs of activity, and some of them have burst into fierce eruption. Something like a score of new volcanoes have been reported, and in the Straits of Sunda a single day witnessed the appearance of a dozen or more. These phenomena have been preceded, accompanied and followed by the most alarming terrestrial disturbances. To-day it is Asia Minor, yesterday it was Java, the day before it was Ischia; and in all cases there has been fearful loss of life and universal terror. In the Southern hemisphere, too, there have been strange atmospheric effects, the sun apparently shining through a veil of blue or green, and coloring all things with a strange, awe-inspiring light. Doubtless this last phenomenon is due to volcanic eruptions in remote South American regions, accounts of which have not as yet reached the telegraph lines. It is a little remarkable that while these disturbances are beyond the reach of human forecast, the highest civilization seems to have centred in terrestrial belts which have not been subject to upheaval within recent geologic periods. France, Germany, England and the United States are, for the most part, outside of the earthquake belt, so far as its limits are at present defined. It is not reassuring, however, to know that we are probably passing through a period of terrestrial disturbance, which may not reach its maximum without giving us all a taste of its power. This earth of ours runs so smoothly along its elliptical track, performs its own mechanical functions ordinarily with such perfection, that it is hard to realize how small a thing, comparatively considered, may throw the machinery out of gear. There are unknown forces imprisoned within its surface, which now and then give us a hint of their existence, and there are unnamed extinct suns drifting about through space, on whose bulk the wrecked earth would barely make a hillock. It is well enough for us at times to remember these conditions, and reflect how utterly insignificant is our home and its belongings in comparison with the universe of which we form a part.



TO KNOW or not to know; that is the question exercising every mind in which any gleam of capacity for hero-worship still remains. Biography has become with every year more and more popular, but to find the fullest favor it must hold the minutest personal detail, and if such detail is given, there is no longer light nor shade, but an unutterable speckling, a stippling which may give more faithful effects but ends all possibility of determining what colors have actually entered in. To know that this one quarreled fiercely with his wife, or that one in his absorption forgot that he had a wife at all, may gratify the love of gossip innate in us all, but surely cannot make us better judges of the quality of the work performed. In fact, it makes us decidedly worse ones. The personal equation is the last that should arrange itself before the critic's mind; and thus, while welcoming a translation of Deuntzer's Schiller,¹ we must wish that some impressions left by a reading of the book might never have been made.

By the modern standard Herr Deuntzer is the model biographer, and we are allowed to follow every vagary and wandering of the poet's mind and heart, the latter being his most troublesome possession, and leading him a dance from one Charlotte to another, till the one true one at last appeared, owning sufficient personality to hold him to the end.

Carlyle treated the poet with romantic enthusiasm, and it is to Carlyle that we owe the popular impression of Schiller, as a man of noble nature and nobler gifts, far above common weaknesses, and waiting always to hear that "still sad music of humanity," which it was the chief end of his life to interpret. Carlyle admitted that his poetry was "not inevitable enough," but would still have scouted the judgment passed by Matthew Arnold, who made Schiller one of the poets who, "with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets." De Quincy, on the other hand, claimed him as "the representative of the German intellect in its highest form," but the verdict of the nineteenth century is likely to remain with Arnold, whose luminous judgments are as dispassionate as they are clear. Both Carlyle and De Quincy felt actual veneration for Schiller's moral and religious character, but the reader of Deuntzer's "Life" is forced to admit that it is his intellectual rather than moral side that is to be admired. He seems to have been born with the slightest sense of moral obligation, so far at least as money is concerned. Toward Frau Wolzogen his conduct in this respect was actually criminal, for he allowed a benefactress and unfailing friend to suffer, when he could easily have relieved her. He was not avaricious, and never took advantage of the Grand Duke of Weimar's offer to double his income if desired, answering, "I have talent and must help myself." But he felt the keenest jealousy of Goethe's prosperous and assured condition, and at the very time when they were almost

(1) THE LIFE OF SCHILLER. By Heinrich Deuntzer, translated by Percy E. Pinkerton. With authentic illustrations and fac-similes. 8vo, pp. 455, \$2.50. Macmillan & Co.

inseparable companions, wrote to a friend: "This man, this Goethe, is in my way, ever reminding me how hardly I have been dealt with by fate. How easily his genius triumphed over his destiny, and see, how to this moment, I have to fight on!"

Whoever becomes disgusted with this phase and with certain other infelicities of character, must remember through what bitter struggle he came to even half-possession of his powers. The first half of his life was a constant battle with poverty, misrepresentation and crushing circumstance; the last as constant a struggle with sickness. If his friends were obliged to flatter him assiduously, the work he did deserved the praise they gave. But he was a man of moods, with small affinity in his early manhood with Goethe's ample and benignant nature. Morbid, irritable and despairing, his first thirty years were a record of miserable experiences. Debt, always increased or renewed, hampered them all. Happiness was as destructive to his balance as misery, and before his marriage he was obliged to beg his betrothed and her sister to write less often, their correspondence agitating him too severely. "Otherwise," he said, "I lose fitness for all work, and my existence becomes unendurable." Both sisters understood this and did not resent the rather extraordinary request, and his marriage was the happiest event of a troubled life.

There must have been a powerful charm about the man. His bearing was noble and fine, as it must have been to so attract and hold the critical Goethe, who wrote of him, soon after his death, "Half of my existence is gone from me. My diary is a blank at this period; the white pages intimate the blank in my existence." He describes how he "burned with desire to carry forward our intercourse in spite of death; to preserve his thoughts, views and designs, even in their details, and to show here, for the last time, the highest pitch to which a common labor could be carried by the reduction of the matter I had inherited together with that I could originate. By thus carrying forward his existence," he proceeds, "I seemed to find compensation for his loss. I hoped to bind together our common friends; the German stage, for which we had worked in common, he composing, defining, determining; I teaching, practicing and executing—would thus, till the coming of some fresh resembling mind, not be left in utter bereavement by his departure."

The volume contains many excellent portraits of the poet, his family and friends, with a very impressive one taken after death.

Mr. Pinkerton's translation is the least desirable portion of a very valuable and delightful book. Herr Deuntzer's prose may possibly be in fault, for German prose is often erratic, but there is small excuse for such literal rendering as is given, some of the paragraphs being as absurd as if modeled on "English as She is Spoke." Aside from this there is only praise to be given for a work which must become the standard life of the poet.

A CHEAP edition of 20,000 copies of "Vice Versa" sold at once in England, and another is called for.

AUSTIN DOBSON's edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is to appear in December, and Walter Besant's "Readings from Rabelais" will be ready about the same date.

TOURGENIEFF's last work was a little sketch entitled "The Quail," a remembrance of childhood, which was translated for the New York *Tribune* of October 21.

"THE GRANDISSIMES" has been revised by Mr. Cable, who has dropped much of the troublesome dialect to which so many objected.

MISS MATHILDE BLIND, who prepared the volume on George Eliot for the "Famous Women Series," is to add one on Madame Roland.

THE Rev. Dr. Deems recently filled two pages of *The Critic* with a defense of the Church against the charge of having persecuted Galileo for his scientific opinions. He calls his defense "The True Story of Galileo."

A NEW edition of Mr. James' "French Poets and Novelists" is to be brought out by the Macmillans. His new volume bears the title of "Portraits of Places," and includes, with his papers on the French Provinces, the delightful one on Venice.

THERE is a robust vitality in Professor Arthur Latham Perry's methods of dealing with a subject that make it very evident why his bulky "Political Economy" has come to an eighteenth edition. Beginning as comparatively a mere infant in 1865, it has grown steadily, till now a portly volume of six hundred pages. It has been revised and in parts rewritten again and again, and as it now stands represents the ripened thought of a man never afraid to cancel an opinion formed on insufficient grounds, and giving the impression of an intense honesty and fairness. The book represents the life-work of one of our ripest scholars in this or any field, and no one who desires a clear knowledge of this often-befogged subject can find a clearer or more trustworthy authority. (Pp. 600, \$2.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

MR VAN DYKE's delightful little book on "Books and How to use Them" seemed to hold the final word on this be-written topic, and it is the more surprising to find a more recent one, "The Home Library," by Arthur Penn, holding the same racy and unequivocal way of putting things. Mr. Penn is, in some points, more minute than Mr. Van Dyke, and as the book belongs to the "Appleton's Home Book Series," he touches on every point that is likely to arise in the mind of the one most unfamiliar with books. The ten chapters, opening with "A Plea for the Best Books," treat of buying and owning, of reading and its methods, and very fully of the library and its furniture, illustrations pointing every suggestion. Binding, and modes of keeping scrap-books, and hints on lending, marking, etc., are all of value and interest, the slender volume being one of the most important, and from a literary point of view, decidedly the worthiest of the always worthy series. (12mo, pp. 154, 60 cents; D. Appleton & Co., New York).

THE second volume of the History of Mexico, by the indefatigable Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, forms the fifth in his "History of the Pacific States," the somewhat awkward arrangement being explained by the author, who writes: "Were the 'History of the Pacific States,' in its several parts, issued strictly as one work, the volumes would be numbered in about the order of their proposed publication, but in that case they would not be so numbered that when completed, the volumes of Central America, or of Mexico, or of California, etc., would stand together each as a complete history and separate set. This was regarded as most of all desirable, and in no other way than the one proposed could these ends both be attained. We sincerely hope this course will commend itself to the judgment of our patrons." There is the same exuberance of material and reference that distinguishes all Mr. Bancroft's work, and the same charm of style, a style always attractive enough to make small infelicities and great redundancies alike forgotten. The work is a most important and valuable one and needs no recommendation to the reader. (8vo, pp. 790, \$3.50; A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco).

In the flood of new books which, however, is of less overwhelming a character than last year, it is pleasant to find new editions of old favorites who have won their way to a place from which no new-comer can dislodge them. Among these no one stands higher than the author, who

has passed from the Ik Marvel, dear to our youth, to the soberer but no less charming Donald G. Mitchell. "The Reveries of a Bachelor" is an American classic, deserving of any beautiful form its publishers may be tempted to bestow upon it. If it were not so quoted and grounded a faith with us, that only English work can deserve such title, Mr. Mitchell would have far higher reputation than critics allow. His humor is as delicate and glancing as that of Sterne and his pathos infinitely truer to nature than the bathos we are taught to admire in the "Sentimental Journey" and elsewhere, and an edition like the present one, soberly elegant, and in enduring form should be on the bookshelf of every American who cries for the "distinctively American work" which he has looked upon for years without recognition. Two volumes are now ready, and many fugitive papers have been gathered to make up another of the set, which will include four volumes. (12mo, \$1.25 each; Charles Scribner's Sons).

THE Philadelphians are to be congratulated in having such a hand-book as "A Sylvan City, or Quaint Corners in Philadelphia." It is dainty and beautiful in appearance, with its pretty cover of green and silver, its fine paper and excellent type and its delightful illustrations. These, one hundred and seventy-five in number, embrace many picturesque scenes, bits of real life and portraits of some of the most notable men and women of the Quaker City, headed by a noteworthy engraving of William Penn, which represents him with an almost ideal beauty of feature and expression. These typographical features alone would be enough to tempt the genuine book-lover, but there are other excellencies still. The fifteen separate articles which compose the work, first written for the pages of THE CONTINENT, represent an immense amount of patient research and study, such as repays a careful perusal. The majority of the papers are written by Helen Campbell and Louise Stockton, the former having six on phases of life in old Philadelphia, and the latter five, while one or two have been furnished by others. In all it has been a matter of conscience to reach the root of character and action as well as fact, and there are presented in these pages, analyses, particularly of Franklin and of Penn, which are well worthy of careful consideration. The old, stereotyped forms are restored, they live and breathe under the masterful touch of an intuitive sympathy, while we read history by the aid of a new illumination. The old abolitionists are not forgotten, neither are the interests of the present day, as the Philadelphia Library, shop-windows, public schools, medical education, and the bettering-house and other charities attest. (8vo, pp. 508, \$2.00; Our Continent Publishing Company, Philadelphia).

NEW BOOKS.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM. A Survey of the Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, Arts and History of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. Wells Williams, I.L.D. Revised Edition, with Illustrations and a New Map of the Empire. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 836-775, \$9.00; Charles Scribner's Sons.

PATRICE. Her Love and Work. A Poem in Four Parts. By Edward F. Hayward. 12mo, pp. 140, \$1.25; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

A WOMAN OF HONOR. By H. C. Bunner. 16mo, pp. 336, \$1.00; James R. Osgood & Co.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S HOME BOOK OF WORK AND PLAY. By Helen Campbell. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 417, \$2.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WORK FOR WOMEN. Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing. Boards, pp. 139, 60 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HEALTH NOTES, for Students. By Burt G. Wilder, M. D. Paper, pp. 58, 20 cents; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WOMAN OF HONOR; or, False Friendships in Society. A Book for Women. Translated from the French of Louis Enault. By Mrs. Rebecca L. Tuft. Paper, pp. 204, 50 cents; T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS; or, Notes of Travel in the Winter and Spring of 1887. By Henry Conkling. With Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 298, \$1.50; Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co., New York.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden. Distilled and Dispensed by C. H. Spurgeon. Standard Library. Paper, pp. 285, 25 cents; Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Backwoods Boy; or, How a Young Rail-splitter became President. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 16mo, pp. 307, \$1.25; John R. Anderson & Henry S. Allen, New York.

ALBERT GALLATIN. By John Austin Stevens. American Statesmen. 16mo, pp. 419, \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER. By Elizabeth Akers Allen. GRAY'S ELEGY. Illustrated. Illuminated and Fringed Covers. \$1.75 each; Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

CHATTERBOX. Edited By Erskine Clarke. 4to, pp. 412, \$1.25; Estes & Lauriat.

DARWINISM IN MORALS. And Other Essays. By Frances Power Cobbe. 12mo, pp. 422, \$2.00; Geo. H. Ellis.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A School-Day.

"Now, John," the district teacher says,
With frown that scarce can hide
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,
Where Cupid's hosts abide,
"What have you done to Mary Ann,
That she is crying so?
Don't say 'twas 'nothing'—don't, I say,
For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry
At nothing, I am sure;
And if you've wounded justice, John,
You know the only cure
Is punishment! So, come, stand up;
Transgression must abide
The pain attendant on the scheme
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sun-burnt face,
And hair all in a tumble,
His laughing eyes a contrast to
His drooping mouth so humble.

"Now, Mary, you must tell me all—
I see that John will not,
And if he's been unkind or rude,
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W—we were p—playin' p—pris'ner's b—base,
An' h—he is s—such a t—tease,
An' w—when I w—wasn't l—lookin', m—ma'am,
H—he k—kissed me—if you please!"
Upon the teacher's face the smiles
Have triumphed o'er the frown,
A pleasant thought runs through her mind,
The stick comes harmless down.

But outraged law must be avenged!
Begone, ye smiles, begone!

Away, ye little dreams of love,
Come on, ye frowns, come on!

"I think I'll have to whip you, John,
Such conduct breaks the rule;
No boy, except a naughty one,
Would kiss a girl—at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised,
A Nemesis she stands—

A premium were put on sin,
If punished by such hands!
As when the bee explores the rose
We see the petals tremble,
So trembled Mary's rose-bud lips—
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard"—
The stick stops in its fall—
"It wasn't right to do it, but—
It didn't hurt at all!"

"What made you cry, then, Mary Ann?"—
The school's noise makes a pause,
And out upon the listening air,
From Mary comes—"Because!"

WILL F. McSPARRAN.

